

## ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

These are the charming agonies of love,  
Whose misery delights.

## FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

## CHAPTER II.

But through the heart  
Should jealousy its venom once infuse,  
'Tis then delightful misery no more.

HENRY had many frailties, but no vices—he had some errors of the head, but his heart was good. He might act obstinately against his own interest, but he would be more careful concerning that of William. He might betray himself, but he was never unfaithful to his friend. He was generous, and generosity is a beautiful virtue—he was brave, and every one admires courage. He bore the manners and the sentiments of a gentleman, and that won him the good will of the world—he was warm-hearted and above meanness, and that endeared him to his friends.

The lovely girl, who gave him what the man in the play calls “a stomach-ache in the heart,” might have been an exception to other women in the mind of the veriest woman-hater that ever lived. I have spoken, in the last chapter, of her appearance, but her character remains yet to be described. I hardly dare undertake the office—it is too delicate a task for my clumsy pen. A painter might as well attempt to catch the changes of the rainbow, or the sparkle of falling rain, or to make the sea heave, and the forest wave, on his canvass, or to impart an idea of the eagle’s majesty, while floating in circles through his element of clouds—yet I will try, because it is a delightful subject, although I have it not under command.

I have long held an opinion that nature does nothing, without education. I believe I am mistaken. The grand charm of this lady’s mind seemed to be a fund of solid sense, which extended itself over all her actions; a fine flow of spirits was the result of correct views of the world, and a conviction that if there was no possibility of being perfectly happy, there was no wisdom in making yourself miserable—joined to that pure, unadulterated, humble religion, which looks forward on another world for the reward of its purity in this. She was above the silly conceits and narrow sentiments of false delicacy, and an almost unconscious confidence in the strength of her mind, imparted an easy independence to her character, which failed not to please the unprejudiced observer of human nature. The grand secret in which her superiority consisted was mind—I mean a system of thought; without it the most dazzling in appearance would be insipid—with it the most ordinary would be pleasing and interesting; but when, as in this instance, both were united, no wonder the fascinating possessor should be the cause of admiration—and quarrel.

When the two friends left her presence, there was an awkwardness in the manner of both, which was not at all removed by the warm praises of William.

Visit after visit did the business for them both. Henry became more deeply in love, and William more devotedly attached, every day.

Sometimes, half in jest and half in earnest, Henry reminded his friend of his old jests, about *falling in love*—but it availed nothing.

The young stoic had changed his mind, and he would answer,

“I know not whether love fell in me, or I fell in love—but certain it is that love is in me, and I am in love, and we must try our chance together.”

One evening they went together to see her—Their hearts beat as they approached the house. I have had occasion before to remark what a wonderful thing love is.

The two friends I know—for I knew them both well—would have stood by each other in the fiercest battle that ever deluged the earth with blood—they would not have turned pale, or felt a tremour in their system, if they were preparing to dash together through the stormiest flood, or the hottest fire—but now, as they saw the house in which she was, and walked over the pavement that had been pressed by her slender foot, and beheld the door she had opened, their cheeks glowed, and their eyes betrayed emotion, and their hearts went pit-pat, pit-pat, like a flock of sheep trampling over the fields.

I would not wonder now if there were twenty old maids laughing over this, what they call, nonsense—and plenty of iron-hearted old gentlemen, with capacious stomachs, and wrinkles on their brows, ready to ridicule youth for preferring happiness to what they call wisdom. Well, let them laugh, though we cannot but remember that the human mind must always be employed, and it is better that it be refined by a pure and devoted love for woman, than be debased for gold, or reeling in delirious pursuit of forbidden pleasure, or kneeling down in mean servility at the shrine of hollow-hearted ambition.

The two friends may now be considered as in for it—that is to say, they were both in love—and worse and worse, they were both in love with the same person. They were in a deal of perplexity, and knew not what to do. They could not both have her, that’s certain. And the triumph of either successful, would almost be lost in pity for the disappointment of the other. They had just entered their professions, and were blessed with a sufficient income to support a wife handsomely. A hundred times they cursed sad fate that had played them such a wicked trick, and beseeched the kind spirits of earth to guide them through their labyrinth of cares, but no voice answered from the breeze—no radiant winged angel floated before them in a dream to tell them how to act, and they continued to live and love on, exactly as usual.

Their firm confidence in each other’s friendship began now to give way. There was what the man in the play calls “a stirring passion when they came together.” They gave out their hands with less cordiality when they met, and said a colder farewell when they parted. They would sit together for hours, with scarcely a word of conversation; and smoke their segars furiously at each other, till they were wrapped in clouds; but not a kind word or a joke varied the monotony of their sullen humours. A close observer could have

easily discerned the gradual creeping on of distrust and fear. They would look at each other with a queer expression in the corner of their eye, like two cats just before a battle. In the company of the unsuspecting cause of all this trouble, their conduct would have made even themselves laugh, if they could have been divested of their passions.

The eldest was twenty-one years of age, and might have known better; but what can ye expect from a man in love? Their rivalry increased in proportion to their love, until both at last grew too great to be concealed. It was a pity, but it could not be helped; and quarrel they must. It is the character of human nature, and always will be, that man forgets friendship when it requires a sacrifice of the heart, or even of ambition’s hopes. There are exceptions, but they have seldom occurred; and in this instance, the heroes of my little story were prepared for a squall.

They met, one pleasant evening, and shook hands, but there was no friendship in the manner; and Henry put his in his pocket as if he was trying to be collected and calm.

“How do you do, sir,” he asked, bringing out every word with as much stateliness as if he were a judge upon the bench.

“Very well, sir, I thank you,” was the answer, with equal dignity, &c.

“You have been to see Miss Elizabeth frequently, for some time past.”

“Yes, sir, I have; and I mean to go frequently, for some time future.”

“You go there, let me tell you, too often to please your reason.”

“I do not go often enough, sir, to please my taste.”

“And pray, sir, do you prefer your taste, when it acts in opposition to your reason?”

“My reason coincides with my taste.”

“You were there the night before last?”

“Yes, I know it; and last night, too.”

“The d—l you were?”

“Yes, I was; and I will go to-morrow, and the next day, and the next—I’ll go every night, sir—if it pleases me, sir. I am the best judge of my own actions, and I shall be happy to receive your advice when it is asked—not before.”

“But I will not only give you my advice, on this occasion, but I will see that it is followed.”

“You are insolent,” said William, drawing up his figure—“and you must be aware, sir, that you subject yourself to insult, by using any other language to me than that of a gentleman.”

“I suspect that I can bear any insult that you have wit enough to give.”

“Then you must bear to be told, sir, that you are only about to add yourself to the number of fools who expose themselves every time they open their mouths.”

“You convince me, sir, that you are no gentleman.”

“That’s a base falsehood, and you know it.”

“Dare you give me the lie? If you are a gentleman you will satisfy me for this treatment.”

“Certainly, sir, in any way you please.”

“There is but one way, and we will take pistols to-Hoboken the day after to-morrow.”

**"We will take them to-morrow, sir ; I can choose my own time."**

**"And we will stand at ten paces."**

**"Yes, sir, at five."**

**"If you please, it may be two," said Henry, affecting indifference.**

**"It shall be two," said William, in the same tone.**

**The seconds were chosen, the arrangements were made, and the next morning, at five, the duel was to take place.**

## ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

"Oh, why is man content to drive away  
The fleeting pleasure of his little day."

## FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

## CHAPTER THE LAST.

"Why does he mourn, or rage in anger, since  
'Twill be the same less than a century hence?"

OUR heroes are now, what our lawyers would call, at issue—going to risk their honour, their virtue, and their lives, in that deformed and horrible favourite of fashion, a duel—as if the fire of a pistol could extinguish the fire of love; as if a brace of bullets through the head could make honourable amends for a wound in the heart.

The night came—it was dark and dismal—large black clouds lay scattered in huge piles along the sky—no moonlight was shed across the heavens—not one little star gave cheerfulness and variety to the brooding shadows of evening. A few streaks of quick, rapid lightning would sometimes run along the edge of the larger clouds, exposing the grand and gloomy magnificence of the scene. Then the rumbling thunder growled sullenly, and all around seemed doubly dark.

On earth every thing was as melancholy and black as above. Darkness shrouded all things in its mantle of gloom. Sometimes the breeze would sweep along the streets, whirling clouds of dust high in the air—then all would be motionless and sluggishly still—and the last mournful sigh of the wind would die sullenly away, and the dust gradually settle down into its repose, and nothing would be heard save the hasty steps of some startled traveler, impatient to escape the melancholy forebodings of the impending storm.

It had been agreed upon by the young men to go together once more, and pay a farewell visit to the subject of their quarrel.

Arm in arm they entered her dwelling, as if nothing had happened. They had determined to remain there only ten minutes, and to excuse themselves on the plea of another engagement.

She joked with them as usual, but it would not do. She spoke to them, but her remarks passed by unanswered. If there is language in the looks, she might have read something unusual in their long gaze; but if she did observe it, she deemed it unworthy of notice, and made no comment.

It might be as unpleasant, as it would be a difficult task, to describe the feelings of Henry and William, while they moved in the presence of one from whom a few moments might part them for ever.

There is something very melancholy in the idea of being separated from any one for ever, and on all such occasions sad reflections throng upon the mind. Farewell, in its lightest sense, is but a mournful word—no matter how applied, or to whom—but farewell for ever is the spell that makes the lip quiver, and moistens the eye with tears—that forces the heart to beat, and smothers the word of agony that rises in the throat.

I remember when I was leaving my old boarding-school, a hundred miles from my present dwelling, there was a large, square table-rock, near the

school-room door, overshadowed with young cedar trees, and upon the summit of a gentle declivity, so as to command a view of the little village, and the old cluster of oaks, and the locust grove, and the broad, beautiful river, winding its way far off, and gleaming in the brightness of the summer sun.

I was a very little boy at the time. It was more than thirty years ago—but I went to my favourite rock, and wept over the beauty that would bloom for me no more. I looked back twenty times as I left it; and though many years of dark adventure have since passed, I can yet look back upon that old rock, with its little grove of trees, its rough, rugged shape, and the tranquil peace that reigned around. If, then, the heart is so susceptible of anguish on slight occasions, what must they have felt at the idea of parting on such an event, and from such a being? Suffice it to say, they drank in every sound of her voice, and remembered every action and word she had performed or uttered, till the fleeting moment of their stay passed on, and they left her.

They retired to their respective lodgings, each with the firm, but foolish, determination, that they would sooner die than yield any thing to the haughtiness of the other.

The night was stormy, and no sleep came to the eyes of the two victims of fashionable honour. The wind raved around the windows till they rattled fiercely in their loosened frames. The thunder now rolled in louder peals, and crashed and roared immediately over their heads—the lightning was more vivid and terrific, and at every flash the rain poured down in streaming torrents, as if the earth was about to be deluged at once in the whole vapoury ocean of the sky.

I cannot say for truth, but I have no doubt the cogitations of my heroes, during this tempest, were of no very enviable nature. Be that as it may, the morning at length arrived, and Henry was early on the ground; he waited not long, for William and his friend arrived soon after, and the preparations began. The pistols were loaded, and great, long, black, abominable looking things they were. They looked wicked as Satan, and both the gentlemen cast a side-long glance at them while they were calmly receiving the powder and ball that might prove their ruin. Then the paces were marked off, and though Henry offered to do it himself, probably because he had the longest legs, the seconds would not allow it; and every thing was orderly arranged for the two "wise young men" to murder each other *secundem artem*.

They were to fire at a given signal, and the second had lifted his arm in the fatal motion, when a man came running up, almost breathless, who was recognised to be Pompey, the black servant of Henry—

"For heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "stop for one moment."

"What brought you here, sir?" said his master, in an angry voice.

"I came to save your life. I heard you talk, last night, about this gentleman, and pistols, and Miss Percival, and I began to suspect that you were going to get into some scrape like this."

"Well, sir, be quick, or leave the ground."

"Yes, sir, I will be quick, sir. So I began to think you were going to fight a duel."

"You began to think—you had no business to think any thing about the matter."

"No, sir; and I never would have said or done any thing about it, if I had not thought, sir, you were fighting with somebody about Miss Percival."

"How dared you suppose any such thing, you saucy rascal, and what made you think so?"

"Why, sir, I know Dick—black Dick, sir, that lives at Mr. Percival's house—generally called Snowball—and he told me he thought as much."

"You insolent rascal, what business have you, or Dick, or any other person, to intermeddle in an affair like this? What is it to you if I were to fight for Miss Percival?"

Pompey grinned so as to show his teeth from ear to ear.

"Why, you black villain," said William, "what do you mean? What are you laughing at?"

"Why, there is no use," Pompey said, "of fighting for Miss Percival."

"Why, why?" said both at once.

"Because there is no Miss Percival in the world."

"Why, what's the matter? Is she sick? Is she dead?" said Henry, turning pale.

"No—better than that."

"What? Tell me quickly."

"Well, then, she is"—

"What?"

"Married."

"Elizabeth Percival married?" said William.

"Elizabeth Percival married?" echoed Henry.

"When?"

"Last night."

The pistols dropped to the ground, and the faces of the combatants were turned towards each other. They were pale and red by turns, and for a moment all was silent amazement. Then their eyes met, and each gleamed with an expression of returning friendship. Then one made a motion with his hand—his example was followed by the other—

"Why, Bill," said Henry.

"Why, Harry," said Bill.

They grasped each other's hands, and left not the ground till they had sworn eternal friendship, and an eternal indifference to all womankind. They entered into a firm alliance never to feel the charm of woman more; and determined to remain bachelors all their lives. They acknowledged stoicism to be their favourite sect, and commenced the business of the following day with an utter contempt for every body in the world.

I have frequently seen them since. William has a neat, snug, two-story brick house, in the upper part of the city, made cheerful by ten delightful little children, with Grecian noses and black eyes. The stoic, Henry, lives over the way, in a pleasant dwelling, while a fine youngster of fourteen gives shrewd indications that he has changed his sect; and he sometimes answers the jokes of his friend Bill with the remark, "That of all the sects he has ever heard of, he has now the *sex* he loves the best."

JULIUS.

## THE REPOSITORY.

"I some lady trifles have reserved,  
"Immortal toys, things of such dignity  
"As we grant modern friends widual."

## EXTRACTS

FROM

## My Aunt Martha's Diary.

DINED at Colonel Hackett's—an elegant party and a very genteel dinner of eleven, and wine with a remove, and an excellent dessert. Miss Lockhart (some people call her Miss Lack-heart) thought it was badly dressed and rather shabby, but I can't say it struck me so. To be sure the lemon pudding was shockingly smoked, the pheasant was roasted to rags, and the anchovy toast as salt as brine; but as to their filling the table with an epergne, serving rabbit-curry instead of chickens, and substituting clouted cream for a nice trifle in the glass dish, I think nothing of it, for I never knew it otherwise at Okeover-Hall. At all events, it wasn't for Miss L. to make the observation, considering the kindness she has experienced from the Colonel, who is certainly a very worthy man; and indeed it is a mark of a little mind in anybody to notice such insignificant matters. Considering he has been so long in India, it is very extraordinary that one never gets a good curry at his house. I wonder when Mrs. H. means to leave off her striped gown: she wore it at the race-ball last year; besides, stripes are out. Sir Hildebrand Harbottle asked me to drink champagne with him. Dr. Hippuff was called out at dinner-time, or rather just as it was over; they say he always contrives it about the time of the dessert. Mr. Bishop has not been.

Saw Widow Waters' cows feeding in Okeover church-yard—a scandalous proceeding! I wouldn't taste a drop of their milk upon any consideration! Mem. to deal in future with Mrs. Carter. Somebody said yesterday, Sir Hildebrand was full of the milk of human kindness. It seems an odd expression applied to a man, and one, too, whose face is of a deep claret-colour from the quantity of wine he drinks. Dryden, indeed, has the phrase, "milkeness of blood."—When Mr. Fox, the apothecary, so kindly offered to take me to the Colonel's and

bring me back in his one horse carriage, I little thought he would call to-day to borrow five and thirty pounds. The poor man has a large family and healthy neighbourhood to struggle with, so I let him have the money; but I wonder such people can think of marrying. I never did, though it is well known I had many opportunities. If Mr. Bishop thinks he has any chance, I can assure him he is very much mistaken.

Mrs. Joliffe called, and in the course of conversation wondered I didn't keep a carriage of some sort, on purpose to introduce the mention of her own new one, (as she called it,) though it has only been fresh painted. She knows very well that I always hire one when I want it, and I should therefore possess no advantage in a carriage of my own, except that of having it when I do not want it. She hoped I wasn't bilious:—what can have put such a fancy into her head? However, I shall take a couple of Lady de Crispigny's dinner-pills to-night. I don't like that Mrs. J.—What's become of Mr. Bishop, I wonder.

Met the Miss Penfords and Mrs. Saxby in High-street, who thought it an age since they had seen me, but I called upon them last, and they may depend upon it I shall not go again till they return my visit. Surely there is something indecorous in all this—no visit or letter from Mr. Bishop!!

Tapped the cask of beer brewed by the gardener, and told Peggy to take a large jug down to poor Mrs. Carter. She is a very deserving woman, though I cannot quite agree in what she said last Wednesday—that I was looking younger than ever. However, I certainly wear better than sister Margaret, though she is three years younger, but then, poor thing! she has had a family, and I have not. Heigho!—Something must have happened to Mr. Bishop!!

An excellent sermon this morning from good Dr. Drawlinton. He bitterly inveighed against the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, particularly in the articles of dress and personal decoration. I thought Mrs. Picton, who paints white and red, looked a little confused, and several of the congregation turned their eyes on the Miss Penfolds, who are always as fine as horses, and this day wore flaming new pelisses. Mrs. George Gubbins, too, had a new Gross-de-Naples silk bonnet and feathers, much too expensive for one in her circumstances. Thank heaven! nobody can accuse me upon this point. Luckily I wore my old Leghorn bonnet, though I doubt whether any body would know it for the same, now it is fresh trimmed with cherry-coloured ribands; and it is certainly much more becoming since I have lined it with pink. Saw something like a crow's foot at the corner of each eye while dressing this morning, which must be entirely owing to the dry weather, and my having such a sleepless night;—brought a curl over each, so as to hide it. Mr. and Mrs. Saxby, with Miss Pocklington, called after church, but fortunately not till I had put on my blonde cap with amber ribands, and I took care to sit with my back to the windows. None but very young people should ever sit fronting the light. Mrs. S. had a gold watch and chain dangling outside, with amethyst bracelets over her long gloves, and Miss P. a fine pink China crape pelisse, trimmed with white satin, and a dozen feathers in her hat. We all admired the sermon very much, and hoped some of our neighbours would be benefited by it.—Mr. Bishop not at church!!

What awful times we live in! The papers full of fresh revolutions; Europe and America both in a blaze! What are our little individual vexations, when compared with these portentous troubles of

kings and empires, especially as we are such transitory beings, here to-day and gone to-morrow? By-the-by I shall pass Mrs. Davies's shop to-morrow, and I must not forget to change the silk gimp I bought last Friday, which is dreadfully bad. I do think galloon would do better.

It is really quite melancholy to see poor Mr. Gingham since he retired from the haberdashery business, how much he seems to be at a loss to get through the day, and how dreadfully he wastes his time! I have been watching him the whole morning taking the dimensions of his garden wall a dozen times over with a yard measure, sitting in the sun twiddling his thumbs for an hour at a time, looking vacantly over the gate and yawning, and then going to sit in the sun again. "While I a moment name, a moment's past," says Dr. Young. He should read Dr. Watts on the Abuse of Time. Mrs. Blinkensop's dawdle of a maid put up the posts for drying linen, early this morning, and has been three quarters of an hour, for I never took my eyes off, in spreading out and pegging one basket of clothes! A postchaise has been waiting at the shrubbery-gate from eleven o'clock till five minutes past twelve, and Sir Hilgrove's cart has gone three times up the lane with a tarpaulin over it. What can be the meaning of all this? This long absence is excessively rude of Mr. Bishop!

Dr. Drawlinton called this morning—heard him puffing as he came up stairs, and had just time to pop a novel I was reading under the sofa cushion, and take out his pamphlet upon the revelations, in which he has clearly proved that the events of last year are prefigured and prophesied. The same thing has been indisputably proved every year within recollection. I hope he didn't observe that the leaves were uncut. He is certainly a very learned and clever man, and well deserves his various lucrative preferments, but I did not glean any thing particularly interesting from his conversation in this visit, except that he wouldn't give a farthing for lobster sauce without nutmeg in it, that a glass of vinegar should always be thrown into the water when you boil a turbot, and that a sucking pig should invariably be roasted as soon as it is killed, with the legs skewered back, or the under part will not crisp. I shall take no further notice of Mr. B——!

How very cheap jaconet muslins have become! I don't like Cape Madeira.—Mem. to have no more cabbage for dinner. I'm sure Peggy must steal my pins, there isn't one left in the pincushion. This is the second time I have spoken to Hannah about the drawing-room grate. Servants are such a plague! A handful of wormwood best preservative of furs against the moth. Mrs. Stevens's things hanging out again! I thought she washed last week. I see Mrs. Umphreville is likely to have an increase:—I think she might wear a shawl, but some people have no sense of shame. No answer yet from Mrs. Fringe. Pug barked three times last night: surely it wasn't Mr. B——?

Went to the circulating library for Scott's last novel, (as I thought it,) and find there are two new ones since. I'm sure nobody is more anxious than I am to read them as fast as possible, but he really should have a little consideration for people who must snatch an hour or two, now and then, to eat and drink, and see their friends, and discharge the common duties of society. A letter at last from Mrs. Fringe, but I positively will not wear pea-green, so dreadfully unbecoming to my complexion: dark people should wear nothing but pink or amber. Saw Mrs. Joliffe, who bantered me about Mr. Bishop, and told me she met him this morning in High-street. I find he's a trifling, shuffling charac-

ter, and I shall treat him with the contempt he deserves. Told Hannah and Peggy to say I am not at home if he calls any more.

What an idiot that Hannah is!—How could she think of letting in Miss Lockhart and the two Miss Penfolds? Never was caught in such a pickle in all my life—hair in papers—a morning wrapper, and pink slippers!—the parlour in a litter—the stair-carpet up, and a mop and pail in the hall!!! 'Tis very vulgar of them to be dressed out and making visits at such an early hour. Now that I have made myself tidy, I don't suppose a soul will come near the house: I don't like this cap. I think I look better after all in the amber ribands. Surely I see some one coming—it can't be—Peggy! Peggy! give me my amber cap directly. Hannah! run down and open the garden gate—here's Mr. Bishop coming!—*I am* at home! Do you understand? You may let him in—*I am* at home!

and Fiana. My father has inherited this hatred, but not so have I. I beheld the only daughter and heir of the house of Fiana, and loved her. We had many private interviews. My affection was reciprocated, and we swore eternal love. Our parents discovered the mutual flame, and separated us. We, however, found means to elude our keepers, and effected our union; before heaven, Laura is my wife. We intended to make our escape, but were betrayed. Laura was confined in a convent, and there became a mother. Thus, influenced by circumstances over which she has no control, and urged by a power which she cannot resist, she is about to take the veil, and be lost to me for ever. This is the history of my misfortunes."

"And for the purpose of relating to me this romantic tale, have you sought me?"

"I came hither to relate it to you, and to ask your assistance."

"My assistance? Indeed, you are a wonderful man!—How could I assist you, under such circumstances?"

"And do you not know how?"

"No."

"Then have I over-rated your abilities, and held you mightier than you are. Give me an escort and let me depart in safety."

"But what could be done, in your present state of things?"

"I do not know."

"Suppose you were Glorioso: your case were mine: I represented it to you, and begged your assistance."

"Then would I assist you."

"How?"

"I would rescue Laura from the convent, and deliver her to her husband."

"But that is easier spoken than accomplished."

"Then you will not help me?"

"You must help yourself."

"How?"

"Go to the convent, and demand your wife by my name. I will give you men on whose daring and firmness you may depend. Perhaps she will be yielded up to you."

"But should she not?"

"Then fire the convent, and bear Laura from the flames."

"How! Should I be so impious as to burn a convent?"

"But you would wish me to do it! No, friend, a convent have I never yet fired; and in your behalf it shall not happen for the first time. What you *may* not do, I *will* not do; and if I should, what would be my reward?"

"A thousand ducats."

"That sum would not rebuild the convent; neither would it compensate me for my pains."

"More I have not to give. I fled from my father's house, and two thousand ducats are all that I possess. The half of this sum will I give you; the other half I need to aid our flight, and for our support."

"And with it, you will find hard shifting."

"Alas! too true!"

"One would much rather assist you, poor souls, without compensation."

"But you will not do that."

"I will not burn the convent."

"Grant me a safe departure, and let me go."

"One might rather attempt."

"What?"

"To rescue your dear Laura by other means."

"And how?"

"On the day of her taking the veil, she might be led from the altar."

# GLORIOSO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

[We are much pleased with Tyro's translations, and should be happy to hear from him frequently.]

At the close of the day, as Glorioso rested in his tent, revolving in his mind the adventures of his life, some of his followers brought to him a young and well-dressed man, whom he immediately addressed, and demanded "How he came there?"

The young man replied, with promptness,

"I sought you."

"Me? And with what intent?"

"Four days have I wandered among these hills—was at length taken up by your men, and requested to be led to you. It was done; and I now beseech you listen to my story."

"I will, Speak."

"During the last two hundred years, hatred and discord have divided the noble families of Toraldo

"How were that possible?"

"Oh! very possible."

"I cannot believe it—in the presence of so great a multitude."

"Hem!—The convent is situated in a retired part of the country. The multitude must approach it, before they can enter. How, if they were not permitted to approach? Do you know the day on which she is to take the veil?"

"I do."

"Here is Glorioso's hand and word that Laura shall be your's."

About midnight the bandit aroused his followers and set forth on his expedition. Before sunrise every path and pass, leading to the monastery in which Laura was about to take the veil, was possessed. All who approached were taken, plundered, and sent back.

Glorioso himself, with a chosen band, approached nearer to the scene of action, and, accompanied by four of his men, entered the church where the ceremony was to be performed. Here it became a subject of much wonder, that so few strangers were present, since like occasions were usually graced by a multitude of people; nor was it suspected how fearful a spectator was present.

The mass began. The sermon was ended. The holy ceremony proceeded. The moment of trial and of mental anguish to Laura, had arrived. Arrayed in her bridal vestments, she was supported and led forward by two of the holy sisterhood. The ashy paleness of death rested upon her countenance, as she tottered feebly forward, and stood before the altar. The address to the spiritual bride was already ended—when Glorioso stepped forward, and, in a commanding tone of voice, cried,

"Hold!"

Astonishment fettered the senses of every spectator of the religious ceremony. The priest only, exclaimed,

"Audacious man! What wilt thou have? Who art thou?"

"I stand here to inform you," answered Glorioso, "that this unfortunate young lady can *not* be bride to the church. She is a wife and a mother. Return her to her child and her husband. I am here to demand her of you; yield her, and 'tis well. Refuse, and I will use the means which I possess, and rescue her from your hands."

"Wretch!" cried the priest, "darest thou demand such a thing? What gives thee this lawless boldness and hardihood?"

"Power and justice."

"Power! What power is sufficient to tear from the church that which is her own?"

"Mine."

"Thine! Who art thou?"

"I am Glorioso."

An universal shriek burst from the assembly. Laura sunk upon the earth, and all was confusion and uproar.

"Silence!" thundered Glorioso—"the report of a pistol, and your cloister is wrapt in flames."

Young Toraldo sprang forward—

"Laura! my Laura! awake, and come to the arms of your husband!"

Laura opened her eyes—started from the ground, and again sunk—into the arms of her husband.

Glorioso took the priest by the hand, and whispered him,

"I pray you, give me three hundred ducats for my pains."

The priest started back, and exclaimed,

"Audacious wretch!"

Glorioso laid his hand on his pistol, and the priest was silent.

"Bear my message to the abbess," said he, and left the Church.

Before the convent gate he halted, with his followers, and received what he demanded. T.Y.M.O.

## ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

"Here the sad story will we humbly tell  
 "Of those long slaves departed from the world  
 "To the impenetrable gloom of death."

**HARRY RANSOM,**  
 OR THE ADVENTURES OF AN ATHEIST.

## CHAPTER I.

"Oh! lives there, heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,  
 "One hopeless, dark, idolater of chance."

SECLUDED in the bosom of the Highlands, there is a little cluster of houses overshadowed by a few old oak trees which rear their knotty boughs the giants of the wood. The name of this village may have never reached the ears of the inhabitants of this magnificent city; or, if heard, only been listened to a moment, as something distant and dream-like, and then forgotten. There was scarcely any connexion between this busy town, rattling and bustling, as the occupations of its numerous citizens might be heard far off, like the faint and continued roaring of the distant ocean; and the pretty village on the mountain-side—a world within itself, marked by its own petty joys and sorrows, triumphs, and defeats, and bearing a few solitary objects of good and evil, the noble-minded and the mean, in the narrow and contracted sphere of its silent beauty. There were no political brawls and newspaper dissensions in that tranquil spot—no flashing equipage rolled in its pompous splendour along the winding road; and the voice of drunken revelry, or youthful dissipation, came not discordant over the rural scene; but Echo, in her silvery sweetness, caught only the melody of the grove—the music of the sparkling brook—the little murmur of the village school—where youth was gently led over the rugged paths of learning, and the cawing of the jet-black crows as they wheeled and sported about in the azure serenity of the summer sky.

Among the dwellers in this vale of peace, young Harry Ransom was conspicuous for the fluency and power of his conversation, and the sharp pertness of his wit. He was as wild and reckless a being as ever trod over the grassy mountain in the unguided career of buoyant youth. His honest father was the village cobbler, a well-meaning, good-natured, so-so sort of a fellow, who either knew not of, or cared not for his son's extravagances. His wife, of talkative memory, had long mouldered in that slumber which no woman's tongue could break, and Henry was, as the Irishman remarked, "both master and mistress" of his father's house. He was to have been bred up to the cobbling establishment of his surviving parent; but he brooked not the lowliness of that situation—and a shrewd friend remarked, that he "reckoned Hal Ransom had better attend to his own soul, and not trouble himself with the soles of his neighbour." He came and went therefore at his own undisputed pleasure, sure of always finding a good meal at home; and in the restlessness of his roving spirit, he wandered up and down the gigantic mountains, penetrated into all the dens and rocky caverns he could find—with his gun and trap he searched out the shadowy secrets of the still forest, till, with tired frame, he re-

turned in the evening, tumbled into his straw bed—awoke—took his luncheon, and sallied forth to pursue the same course of contemplative rambling. He had been taught in his earlier youth to read and write well; and some atheistical hooks by some remote chance, falling into his hands, he devoured with avidity their dangerous contents, read all he could find—and imagined more. In his solitary wanderings, he had full time to ponder over the wonders of human life, till at last he arrived at that stage of reflection frequent to those trusting too implicitly in their own strength of mind, during which he began to doubt the existence of a God.

Miserable is the blindness of the mental eye—terrible is the darkness which shrouds the soul in its mysterious gloom. Better would it be to live in all worldly pain with a blessed futurity awaiting your approach, like sweet happiness and love, prepared for the weary wanderer over the ocean of darkness and storm, than feel the consciousness of present being, bewildered with the withering idea, that that being must end. Better that we were drenched in long ages of agony, triumphing over the gloomy desolation of the heart, if it may only end at last, than to think that the joyous soul can be hurled from its blessed and beautiful career of hope and life into that eternal lethargy, that dreamless slumber—that annihilation of thought, feeling, and affection, never again to be awakened into their delicious existence. Such an idea to an aspiring mind would come over all its young affections as blasting as the poisonous air of Arabia upon the flowers which withered at its touch. The idea is revolting to reason. To be *nowhere* in all the wide and interminable extent of this vast creation—while the sun's bright ray yet shines as it was wont to—and the moon yet wheels in her beautiful circle, serene and undecaying midst the storms of time—while all the universe keeps on in the same regular undeviating and silent revolution—turning and returning from year to year, and age to age; and yet to be apart from all these things, to hold no hope, nor joy, nor sympathy in their unchanging and noiseless perfection—The sense of life eternal; the joy of virtue and innocence; the young budding hopes of future bliss; the great and absorbing love; the adoration of beautiful women; all cut off in their dream-like being, and that most brilliant and wonderful creation of God; the soul of his creature, just as it was opening to the warmth of its faculties, to the energies of its inconceivable nature, to be hurled into the deep and tremendous nothingness which wrenches down the young spirit in the blackest night for ever and for ever.

Some ideas, such as these, flashed ever and anon over the brain of the careless boy; but gradually he grew hardened against their power, and his deluded mind was prepared for the worst by denying the power and life of *him* by whom it was created. To him, guilt was not loathsome, nor virtue alluring; he thought no punishment could follow the one, or reward bless the other—he believed that crime was not crime till it was discovered; and only then receives the name from a bigoted and superstitious world. When the busy voice of conscience would rise up in his bosom, he laughed at what he termed

the nonsense of his nursery; and tore out, by the roots, all those sentiment of pure religion which might have lent a gleam of happiness to his dreary life. No, thought he—there is no future life—such at least as these timid fools believe in. When I die I am lost to sense and all feeling for ever—my body will moulder in the dust—part of me, perhaps, will again shoot up in the lordly oak, and triumph above wind and storm for hundreds and hundred of years; or, who knows but I may bloom in the leaf of the pretty rose—or sparkle in the sandy bed of the rivulet—or be borne on the fresh breeze through the summer air. What matters it, then, whether I am a lowly, unnoticed wretch, tutored into the practice of what men call virtue, by the fear of imaginary pain—or the bold, brilliant adventurer, shooting like a meteor through the dark extent of time—bright in my existence, and fearless at my decay? By the help of these, and like reflections, his character acquired a sort of artificial strength, which became conspicuous among the humbler inmates of that simple place. With a degree of cunning, peculiar to his kind, he took good heed to conceal his opinions from his unsuspecting friends, or at least never revealed them in any other way than by a shrug of his shoulders, or a sneering smile, when he saw the happy families of his neighbours, after the labours of the week, orderly and contented, stepping over the green field that surrounded the unassuming house of God. Unnoticed by all were the irreverent feelings of the deluded sophist, while his talents and seeming nobleness of heart won universal praise, till the village knew no boast but the brave, the generous, the handsome young Harry Ransom. And handsome, indeed, he was; tall and slender, with glossy black hair, and a clear, good humoured countenance, over which he possessed a perfect command. In the neighbourhood he had met with some dissipated and wicked men, who had made him more dissolute, and yet more fascinating; they taught him the ways of the world—he could mimic his friends—in a quarrel he was collected and skilful, and in the company of females he infused a softness into his manner, dangerous to the hearts of maiden purity. Many a bright cheek became brighter with a glow of pleasure at the name of Harry Ransom, and many a pretty head, with its silken tresses shook from the brow, was turned with sparkling eyes upon him when he passed along the road. More than one pretty girl breathed his name in her evening prayer, and dull and cheerless indeed was that sleep in which his image did not appear as the guardian angel of her innocent repose.

Of this he was conscious, and failed not to use it to his own advantage. He knew he could win any girl as a companion through his silent and beautiful walks, and when he romped with her through the shady forest—or when he wandered on the brink of the crystal stream—the kiss which was stolen from her fresh ruby lips, drew not less sparkling pleasure from the eye, than affected anger from the pouting lips themselves. There was one—in the village—one lovelier than the rest, seemingly faultless in body and soul. Her name was Elizabeth Worthington—such a being as you

will sometimes find blooming in the desert of life. One of those choice creations which extol the dream of the poet, who is fain to kneel down in love to a being more beautiful than himself could have imagined. She was the daughter of the minister—and bright in the simple arts of her innocent nature—her smile sweetness itself, and with eyes that spoke more to the heart in an instant than tongue could utter, or pen could describe in a hundred years.

In her figure and walk there was all that grace and “eloquence of motion” which play their fascinations around a lovely woman. Her manner, too, bore all the unsuspecting confidence of happy youth, whose life is a sweet dream of endless joy. Her father had sent his son to New-York, where he was about entering on one of the learned professions; but she staid with her parents, their hope—and their solace. Never was domestic happiness more complete than in the flowery cottage which Elizabeth Worthington delighted to call her home. Alexander, in the gorgeousness of his greatness, or the Cynic, Diogenes, in his dirty tub, could not have won it to their bosoms. The wealth of Croesus could not have purchased a single smile of such pleasure as daily illumined the countenances of the contented pair—and not the eastern sultan on his golden throne—or the conqueror in the bewildering and splendid dream of triumphant war, could have bought one such innocent and delightful vision as sometimes wandered over the spirit of the sleeping girl. The tranquil slumbers of virtuous youth, refreshed by these beautiful dreams, refreshed her after the delightful avocations of the day, and she awoke with new vigour to live again the same round of undisturbed pleasures.

It was the fate of Elizabeth to be of surpassing loveliness, and Harry's serpent eye was fixed upon her—like the first tempter in the garden of paradise, he stole into the careless scene with a deliberate intention to destroy. His was not the soul to startle at destruction. He had lost the compass which might have guided him to heaven, and he knew not the voice of conscience as it whispered him to beware—he spread all his talents to her view—he called every accomplishment to his assistance, till he saw her blush in his enamoured gaze—it was not a glow of displeasure. The lip spoke no anger—and no haughty indignation flashed in her eye—but a soft shade of crimson stole over her cheek as he vowed he loved her—she cast her large dark eyes on the ground. It was a moonlight night that he saw it—he recognised the undulations of her heart—he saw a tear tremulous upon her cheek—she looked up affectionately in his face—and he knew that his task was half accomplished.

## THE CABINET.

The marriage state without love is like a fair landscape without light. Its dearest blessings are unnoticed; its best happiness is unknown. The cloud without its morning tinge of gold is not less insipid, nor the rose without its perfume less indifferent to the senses.

### HERMAN AND HARRIET.

THERE was a young gentleman of my acquaintance, whose natural strength of mind and nobleness of soul made him a proper object for many a pretty girl to cast a wistful eye upon. He was somewhat romantic, and was wont to indulge much in the visions of hope, and paint the brightest colours upon the cloud of futurity, which were destined to fade at his approach. As is usual with a person of his nature, among the most delicious pleasures of his visionary dreams were those of love. His young mind, luxuriated amidst beigns of his own imagination. Figures of the most fascinating nature would pass and repass before his "mind's eye," in the long vista of future years, and often in his dreams would he play with the golden ringlet of some devoted and beautiful girl, or gaze upon cheeks of a deeper glow than the rosy blush of the morning sky.

But as he grew to be a man, he had less confidence in the syren voice of hope; and if at all he listened to her soothing suggestions, it was with a melancholy certainty that they were but deluding him into the sweet luxury of their transitory joys, to make him weep as they ceased to be heard.

He had not lived long in the tumult of the world before he was pretty well convinced it boasted of no perfect being. He even despaired of meeting with any one who would be a companion to him, such as he wished, and with a sadness, almost amounting to gloom, he moved like an automaton, through the brilliant circles of fashionable life, while the bright eyes, which were continually shining with smiles upon him, were like the golden beams of the moon upon the hard polished ice, brightening, but not melting it.

Not so were his glances upon the females around: his large black eye, rich with manly feeling and expression, pierced, like a scymetar, and went directly to the heart. His broad, clear, open brow, on which his hair was slightly curled in glossy ringlets, his black arched eye-brows, and well-formed mouth, with his elegant demeanor, often drew a long sigh from many a panting little heart, and dimmed many a sparkling eye with the tear secretly shed in the silence of midnight.

There was a charming girl, whose mind naturally inclined to affection, who possessed no power to resist the winning qualifications of my friend, but she passively gave her heart to him, for she was sure he was worthy of it, without having discovered whether it would be an acceptable gift.

There is no passion of the human soul stronger or purer than the love of woman. There is a silent

strength in it, which goes on increasing and irresistible; a devotion gathering energy from the knowledge of its own might, and treasuring up every look and word, every glow upon the cheek, and every smile upon the lip, in secrecy and silence, to gorge the avarice of love. It lives upon the sweet conviction that the object is near; it rejoices and riots in the sound of the voice, and a kind expression of the lip, a tender smile gives it a triumphant energy, and thrills the frame with the most bewitching rapture.

Such were the feelings which the insatuated Harriet entertained for Herman, and notwithstanding the perfect modesty of her address, the scrupulous decorum of every moment spent in his company, her passion soon became evident to the world, and, last of all, to its noble object. Concealment was impossible; it was like an attempt to limit the wanderings of a vine in some wiry cage. The full and free spreading of its wreathing figure might be repressed, but the rosy flower would here break from its confinement. The rich green leaf would here escape to view, and here the thick cluster would display its beauty, and twine its delicate stem in the open air. The rich brown ringlets, which were wont to unloosen themselves in clusters from the bandage which she sometimes bound around her forehead, were emblems of that love which would not be controuled, but poured itself forth in a profusion of blushing smiles and tears.

When Herman was aware that the pretty Harriet really loved him, he recalled her ten thousand little kind looks and actions, with a feeling rather difficult to be described. Although she was not so very—very beautiful as some of the creations of his warm imaginations, she was certainly handsome; but she was not what he hoped to have found—she was a pretty, playful, amiable girl—a bashful child!

"Oh, for some high-minded and elevated being," said he, "whose soul, like the soft echo of the mountain, would breathe responsive to every feeling of mine—whose fond spirit would be mine own, but more beautiful and refined."

Yet did he never dream of marriage—he was too young, and Harriet was not his choice. Yes, she was beautiful, and loved him, but could he take her to his heart as his wife, when his affections were not in unison with hers? no, the thought was idle.

Harriet was an orphan: and though her parents had left her a moderate competence, yet through the villany of a false-hearted friend, she was cheated of her fortune, and left destitute of almost every comfort of life.

This was a circumstance at once calculated to excite the sympathy and interest of Herman, and he looked upon her as a neglected, yet still beautiful flower, that only needed his hand to shelter it from the blast, and raise its drooping head to the sun; the noble resolution of protecting her as a husband then first possessed him, and although he felt nothing like love for her, yet his benevolence was awakened, and he would have made any personal sacrifice to perform, as he imagined, so imperious a duty. He knew she would be unhappy without him, and perhaps pine away and die if he left her.

"And can I," he asked himself, "thus abandon a helpless woman, whose happiness is in my power?—never!" And with his feelings much softened towards his love, he took every opportunity to address her upon the subject.

It was one bright moon-light night, as he walked with her in the shadowy walks of the park, and wooed with all the poetry of his ardent nature—she talked of the stars and the silver moon. The soft and pensive light which streamed across the sky, he said, was like the magic love throws around the beings of his choice, and every silvery cloud that floated through the starry vault, yielded some sweet idea by which to lure from

her willing heart the music of its love. It was not in the power of the lovely being at his side to command her tell-tale eye from revealing her sentiments. The bashful girl blushed as she confessed, and cast her blue eyes on the ground; but when the manly arm of Herman encircled her waist, and he kissed her white forehead, from the very excess of happiness, she leaned her head upon his bosom, and wept.

In a week's time they were married, and the stream of their life flowed on in smooth and unruffled tranquillity, although devoid of those exquisite pleasures which mark the union of hearts more closely joined. All that friendship could feel he entertained for Harriet, but no more. Sometimes indeed, as he gazed on her lovely face, over which the success of her fond hopes had thrown a gleam of cheerfulness, which increased the charms of her appearance, he could almost fancy he loved her—but his heart lost the emotion in her absence, as the summer cloud loses its tinge of gold upon the setting of the sun by which it had been illumined, and he was still convinced that his was a marriage of the hands, not the heart.

Thus passed their days in calm contentment, if not in the continual excitement of joy, and it was with a feeling of intense sorrow that Herman beheld his wife after a few months fading away with consumption. Every aid was tried to prolong her life, but in vain. Her last words spoke unabated affection for the man who had acted towards her so nobly, and he beheld her gradually yield to the great tyrant of mortals—her cheek grew pale—her bosom heaved with more sudden and convulsive gasps—her eye assumed a glare of terrible import, and her still beautiful lip was put forth affectionately for one more kiss from the being she loved. He bent down his head to clasp her in his arm, but the motionless form breathed not back his caress, and the heart beat not responsive to the throbbings of his own. Although sometimes he regretted the matrimonial chains in which he was bound, he wept as they were broken—and when night flung its shadows over the world, it found him still mourning over the fond partner of his heart.

The next evening I saw the procession which attended the remains of this once lovely being to the tomb, move sadly and slowly along; the village bell rang its mournful peal, and the convulsive sighs of her numerous friends fell heavy upon my ear. The pastor's prayer breathed the deep sorrow of his bosom, and was delivered in so affecting a manner, that his eyes bore testimony to the sincerity of his heart.

When they arrived at the narrow house, I saw Herman standing with his arms folded over his breast at the head of the grave. The coffin was placed in the earth—the apostle's benediction pronounced, and the "clouds of the valley" were heaped upon the wasted form of her who had ever been so fond—so amiable—so true.

Herman did not weep—yet language could not utter what he felt; his pale and sunken cheek—his quivering purple lip—his inflamed and hollow eye—his trembling limbs, all bore witness to the agony of his heart. When I approached him, he seemed absorbed in painful meditation, and his vacant glare convinced me of the horrible workings of his soul.

"Herman," said I, "we all have our afflictions in this transitory life; but we must not yield to them—Rouse thee, my friend, and bear your sorrows like a man."

Never shall I forget the look he gave me—it was so full of pensive tenderness, and seemed to say so audibly, "thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel," that I became dumb, and we in silence pursued our journey home.

By slow degrees, as time wore away, he resumed his wonted cheerfulness, and he has often since declared to me in confidence, when we mentioned Har-

riety, "that it always was the most ardent desire of his heart, to have returned an affection so pure and disinterested; but as he found it impossible, he gave her his youthful days, and thought it his duty to shelter and protect her." I knew he spoke the truth—and I could not, on such occasions, avoid taking his hand, and inwardly pronouncing him a truly noble character.

Here let the story end. In some future essay I promise a further notice of the vicissitudes of Herman. They have been many. He should have been rewarded for this sacrifice of his youth to a woman whom he did not love, merely to save her from an untimely tomb; but a misjudging world were not acquainted with his motives, and he passes among its bustling throng, unnoticed by those who are scarcely worthy, when compared with him, even of the slightest notice. There is a power that will reward—there is an eye that beholds him.

MONTGOMERY.

## **HUMOROUS STORY.**

**A certain Governor of Egypt having occasion for a sum of money, fell upon the following most extraordinary method to raise it :**

**He issued out an order, commanding the chiefs of all the Jews, settled in Egypt, to appear before him on a certain day. On their being conducted into his presence, they found him surrounded with his Divan or Council, and the Pentateuch in his hand. He then asked them if they believed all that was written in that book ; to which they replied they did, saying that it contained the precepts of their religion ; on which he turned to and read the 11th and 12th chap. of Exodus, in which is recorded the account of the Jews, just before their departure from Egypt, borrowing of the Egyptians their jewels of gold, silver, &c.**

When he had finished, he told them that since they had confessed that their forefathers had about 3000 years ago borrowed of the forefathers of the Egyptians their jewels, &c. he had sent for them to know if those things had ever been returned, or satisfaction made for them; if not, he added, that it was high time payment should be made, and that he being the political father of that people, was in duty bound to see justice done them.

The poor astonished Jews stood silent, and knew not what to say, though they immediately saw through the drift of the avaricious Governor; he, after waiting some time for an answer, dismissed them, but ordered them again before him in a few weeks, telling them that he gave them that time to deliberate, and search the records, and see whether or not they had ever returned or made satisfaction to the Egyptians for the jewels they had borrowed.

When the Jews had retired, they, after consulting among themselves how to ward off the blow, came to the resolution of raising a large sum of money, with which, on the day appointed, they waited on the Governor, and told him that since the time their forefathers had borrowed those things of the Egyptians, their nation had undergone various revolutions, their temple had been burnt, their records destroyed, so that it was impossible for them now to tell whether or not the Egyptians had ever received satisfaction for their jewels; and presenting him with the money, added that they hoped he would not make them, who were but a few, accountable for what the whole nation did so many thousand years ago.

This being all the Governor wanted, he took their money, for which he gave them (in the name of the Egyptians) a receipt in part payment for the borrowed jewels, and so left the same door open for any of his successors, who may think proper to take the same steps to squeeze that poor unfortunate people.

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## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

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"It too frequently happens when a rich man weds a poor woman, that the lives of both husband and wife are embittered by the reflection, and *vice versa* ; therefore," said my uncle, "as I am poor myself, I intend to unite my destiny with one in humble circumstances." Uncle did so, and was happy.

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### INTERESTED LOVE.

"——— the gray morn  
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,  
Examine by love."

A passage in a vessel where the accommodations are very limited, and the cabin scarcely spacious enough for the comfort of its inmates, sets aside all the form and ceremony of introduction, necessary on other occasions ; stranger converses with stranger, while every one adds his mite to promote the general pleasure and "drive dull care away."

It was a pleasant day in spring, when a gentle breeze and favourable tide induced the captain of a sloop to give intelligence to a number of passengers (myself among the rest) that all was ready for our departure. We left the city, and as our light bark glided smoothly along, I amused myself with contemplating the faces of my companions, and forming conjectures from a downcast look or sparkling eye, of what was passing in the minds of those around me. On one side, in a musing attitude, stood a country merchant, who had been to the city for a supply of goods, apparently calculating the profits he expected to reap from his trade, while ever and anon he cast his eye round the horizon

for fear of a dark cloud which might threaten to endanger the safety of his merchandise.

Upon the other side stood one of Hibernia's sons, a member of a class denominated "Irish pedlars," who, with his replenished pack, had taken this opportunity of reaching his destined place, where, with his fortune on his back, and yard-stick in his hand, he trudges from house to house, and from village to village, leaving ribbands, silks, calicoes, cotton balls, &c. as vestiges of his footsteps, until he has gotten the greater part of his pack into his pocket, when he again prepares his load for another excursion.

On the quarter deck was a number of ladies from the country, who had been visiting uncles, aunts and cousins in the city. One described a very fashionable dress she had seen, while a second did not like the reception she met with from her cousins, who, she said, 'thought less of staying a month with her in the country, than she did of spending a week with them in the city.'

Meantime our vessel glided along, and every breeze wafted me nearer to my native village, from which I had been a long time absent; and the prospect of soon beholding the parents and friends I had left, of again mingling with the companions of my school-boy days, gladdened my heart, and created a variety of pleasing sensations. In imagination I beheld the quiet spot which gave me birth, with its straight, wide street clothed in the green carpet of nature, the church with its white steeple pointing, like its minister, to heaven, and the little lake in which we bathed when the summer's sun poured down his rays, or on its smooth surface by the winter's frost congealed, on gliding skates we passed the leisure hour away.

The chill evening air at length drove us from the deck to the cabin, where each told his tale, and song and jest, in their turn, went round. My attention was attracted by a young man about my own age, whom I had not before particularly noticed, of a pale, wan countenance, seated in a corner alone, with a scrap of paper on his knee and a pencil in his hand, taking no part or interest in the conversation. When all listened to a song, he alone sat unheeded and unheeding. When all were nearly convulsed with laughter at our Irishman's anecdotes, his face alone was not illumined by a smile. He wrote for a while, and with a sigh folded the paper.

One after another of our fellows were yielding to the power of Somnus, and I at length found myself alone with this singular person. I addressed some common-place observation to him, and his answer, though in a melancholy tone, was delivered with a suavity of manner that at once secured my esteem. He informed me that he was looking for a retired spot where he could indulge his wo in solitude until death eased him of his troubles. The calmness with which he spoke of his dissolution, and the certainty with which he calculated its near approach, filled me with surprise. I felt myself bound to him by a cord I could not, would not loose, and attempted to remonstrate upon his giving himself up a prey to such gloomy despondency. He requested me to say no more on the subject, handing me, at the same time, the paper on which he had been writing, and bidding me "good night," sought his couch, and left me alone. I opened his paper and read as follows:

When fortune smiled, and seem'd most kind,  
And all was sunshine here below;  
When zephyrs mild as summer's wind  
Play'd round my head and cooled its glow—  
'Twas then arch Cupid's fiercest dart,  
Fired by a flash from Sarah's eye,  
First pierced my throbbing, youthful heart,  
And thence it drew young love's pure sigh.

I lov'd her;—not that beauty's power  
Its richest treasures had bestowed;  
Vain, transient triumph of an hour;  
'Twas not for thee my bosom glow'd.  
Not that in her fair form combin'd,  
The graces I' outshone each other strove;  
'Twas that her form conceal'd a mind  
Which purity itself might love.

I thought, I woo'd her for my bride;  
No tongue my raptures can express;  
My suit I found was not denied,  
I heard her lip the thrilling "YES."  
That little word, that joyous yes,  
Convey'd a feeling to my heart,  
Which none have known, which none can guess  
Who have not felt love's pleasing smart.

Sudden my summer's sky was pass'd  
For winter's dark and cloudy wild;  
My fortune fled before the blast,  
And I was then misfortune's child.  
Sarah I sought, that I might tell;  
She'd heard it—met me at the door;  
"Farewell," she coldly said, "farewell,  
For I am rich and thou art poor."

I did not curse—I did not weep;  
My silent tongue, my tearless eye,  
Noted and sad, with sorrow deep,  
Bore witness of my agony.  
Fortune has since return'd, unsought,  
But happiness is gone for ever;  
Are love and friendship to be bought?  
Can Sarah yet be mine?—Ah, never!

With aching heart and absent mind,  
I've tried my firmness to regain;  
Yet joy flits by like passing wind,  
And memory's cruel pains remain;  
Forgetfulness is sought in vain,  
The phantom I'll pursue no more!  
The cause of all my grief is plain,  
For she was rich and I was poor.

In the morning I proposed his making a visit to my native village. He consented and was charmed with its quiet, retired situation.

"This," said he, "shall be the place where I will spend my few remaining days, and try to wait with patience for the time when death shall set me free."

Every attempt to console him was received with anguish, and elicited renewed requests for silence.

Near a month had elapsed after our acquaintance commenced, when I received word that he wanted to see me in his chamber. He seized my hand. A tear glistened in his eye, and fell upon it. It was the first that had bedewed his cheek for near three years.

"I feel," said he, "that my final moment is at hand. In that desk you will find a sum sufficient to defray all the expenses of my funeral; with what remains, purchase something to keep in memory one whom you have befriended. You will likewise find a letter for Sarah. Deliver it to her, and tell her my last prayer was that she might never suffer as I have. I would thank you for your kindness, but"—He pressed my hand, and the scene was closed for ever. ALPHA.

# LIFE AND CHARACTER.

Life is not more necessary for the enjoyment of reputation, than is reputation for the enjoyment of life. I would rather slumber away long ages in the deep silence of the tomb, than drag out a miserable existence, the scorn of my fellow-men.

## SKETCHES OF A LIBERTINE'S LIFE.

BY PIERE LE ROY.

No. I.

You have frequently, my esteemed *Alfred*, requested me to give you some sketches of my eventful life. As I have now determined on joining the Greeks in their efforts for emancipation from Moslem tyranny, I have conquered the dislike of recurring to scenes and sensations which, although time may blunt, time will never heal.

In giving you these sketches, I am not forgetful that society, in nine cases out of ten, are sceptical of facts, which to them never occurred. The reason is obvious: situation, adventures, and happiness, depend so much on temperament and pecuniary difficulties, that to those who possess an *even* disposition, (which God be praised *I* never did,) and who from the green and sunny days of their childhood have never known the want of a dollar or a dinner, to them the scenes through which *I* have passed—the characters which *I* have studied, (for man has been *my book*,) the villainy which *I* have met—the hypocrisy which *I* have unveiled, and the external happiness, and internal misery of which I have been the passive victim, will excite wonder and incredulity—but enough of this.

My family were French—at one period wealthy, aristocratic, and hence, necessarily, haughty. My pa-

rents, among thousands, fled to England from the horrors of that revolution which deluged the fields of France with the purest blood of her nobles and her chivalry. With the sum of ten pounds, which my father borrowed from a brother *refug  *, (a tailor then, but, in fact, a *ci-devant* Marquis,) my father embarked in the mercantile profession. Speaking Italian, German, and a very little English, he, in a few years, amassed a sum sufficient to support him, (if not in all the idle pomp of aristocratic grandeur,) at least in respectability.

It was his boast that his son should receive a good education. The system pursued will develop itself in the course of these sketches.

Two years after his settlement in London I was born—as sickly, puny, disjointed, and abortive-looking *brat* as ever gladdened a mother's eye. For some time my life was despaired of; however, with good attention, excellent nursing, and country air, in the course of three or four months I became a chubby, purple-faced, blue-eyed baby. My mother says I was born with black eyes—but my fortune, like my eyes, has frequently changed its hue. At the usual period I was sent to school, where I surprised the *whole* academy with chattering French before I could talk English.

“Wonderful creter!” exclaimed my governess, “I declares us how he's quite a prodigy, and not four years ould!”

In a short time, what with the aid of Mons. Birch, being kept without dinner, and the *ultima thule* of the *FOOL'S CAP*, I accomplished the *A, B, C*. Oh, what a day was that at home!—The anticipations of my father—

“He'll certainly be a great man!”

The uncontrollable joy of my mother, God bless her!

“The angel!” she exclaimed to my father, “he's the very image of you, my dear.”

Now he was, by-the-by, as ordinary a looking man as nature ever sent into this den of villany.

Thus pampered and humoured—the seeds of vice sprouting luxuriantly, with no hand to check them, I attained my thirteenth year.

Before I proceed, one thing I must premise:—my father was a disciple of the Voltaire school. His reading was exclusively devoted to the writings of such men as *Bayle*, *Rosseau*, *Tom Paine*, and others of the same CALIBRE. In short, he was a *bigoted infidel*, and a *fanatic free-thinker*. This portrait, to some, may appear heartless and unnatural, but are not the traces of the misery which his doctrines inculcated, marked by the wrinkles of anticipated old age? are they not written on this withered heart with a pen dipped in liquid fire? That there was no God was hourly instilled into my mind by the tongue of a parent whom I honoured, nay, adored. Was I not told that *religion* was the *ARCANA* of monks and priests, intended merely to keep the *canaille* in the dark?—that the human mind, illuminated by the theories of the French philosophy, spurned the fetters with which religion ('twas but another name for *prejudice*) would shackle it. Thus much for my religious education.

My mother was pious; *she* was excused—for she was woman—a weak, shallow, easy woman; they required something to keep their faculties awake—to *make* them virtuous; for according to my father's school, woman was by nature frail. Religion *was*, then, in some cases, important—it possessed the power of stemming the tide of human passion—of rousing the mental faculties—of making us virtuous—for this was necessarily implied. For a moment I reflected, but, alas! 'twas but the meteor's glare, which left my mind dark and chaotic as at first.

At thirteen (as I said before) I commenced *LIFE*, an infidel by education—a libertine by principle.

## THE COMMERCIAL GENTLEMAN.

It was during a tour in the West of England, in the long vacation, that a college friend and myself put up at an Inn in Falmouth, frequented by Commercial Gentlemen. Anxious to see life in all its varieties, we entered the traveller's room, the only inmate of which was a fat, bustling, red-faced, self-important gentleman, who was devouring oysters with all his energies. My waggish friend, Waters, ever on the watch for a joke, at once accosted him: "You are fond of oysters, I presume, sir?" "Very, sir," and he swallowed, with a smack, the last of six dozen. "Far be it from me to alarm you, sir," returned the other, with a countenance of the deepest concern—"but I own I feel surprised at your partiality for the *Falmouth* oysters. You are of course aware, that, in consequence of the vicinity to the mines, they contain a poisonous metallic substance, which causes sickness and swelling, and sometimes even death, in the oyster-eater." "Metallic substance! poisonous vicinity!" returned the man of journies, pettishly, "I've eaten many a barrel of oysters in my time, sir, and—" "I hope you'll eat many more," interrupted Waters, "although upon my soul, I doubt it. However, *au revoir*; and we left him for a stroll about the town. On our return to supper, after an hour's ramble, we found the Commercial Gentleman pacing up and down the room,—"non passibus, æquis,"—and evidently awaiting, with some anxiety, our re-appearance. "Sir," said he to Waters, in the most silvery tones, "I have been considering what you told me, and—and—I feel rather—queer." "Now don't let me alarm you," said W. with his most imperturbable face, "but we remarked to each other, as we entered the room, that your countenance was perfectly altered." "Now are you serious? Oh dear! what shall I do? Do advise me!" "Call in a medical man directly," said the wag, "and that no time may be lost, I myself will be your messenger."

He soon found a country practitioner, whom he summoned to see a "friend of his of very shattered nerves, who fancied himself poisoned by eating a few oysters!" The affair, in consequence, took a new turn. After Mr. Gobblestone had detailed his case with the utmost earnestness, "Yes, yes," says the Doctor to us, in a whisper, "I see very clearly how matters stand. Evidently disordered in the brain. Wrong there," and he tapped, in the most knowing manner, his own bald pericranium. "I'll humor him." To the patient, with a smile, he continued, "Yes, sir, yes, Cornish oysters are most pernicious—highly pernicious—fatally pernicious; you must be bled without delay; a blister to-morrow, if necessary; a cooling draught on going to bed, and I shall send a mixture to be taken every three hours."

The commercial gentleman was then bled, and hurried off to his pillow; while Waters, determined to keep up the joke, while assisting him to undress, secreted his waistcoat; we then had the broad back taken out, and a very narrow one substituted. Early the next morning, I made a point of seeing the invalid. "I hope you are better, Mr. Gobblestone?" "O! I am as well as ever I was in my life. It was all a joke, wasn't it?" said he, with what was meant to be an insinuating smile, "I knew it was all a joke, ha!!!" "Well, I hope you'll find it such," said I, slyly depositing the waistcoat, and making my exit. We had hardly begun breakfast, when the unfortunate Londoner

rushed in, his eyes staring—his teeth chattering—and desperation marked on every feature. "I'm a dead man—poisoned—done for—gone. Look! my waistcoat, that I pulled off with ease last night, won't meet any where by three inches this morning. Oh I see it plainly—my hours are numbered, and I'm to be another victim to these fatal oysters. Yes, from the first moment you mentioned it, I was sure it was all over with me. I feel myself swelling every minute. Help! help! send for a surgeon—but fit's in vain, I'm beyond the reach of medicine. O dear! O dear! how very, very hard to die in this out-of-the-way place, and all for the sake of a few oysters! For God's sake, gentlemen, take pity on a dying man; my life's invaluable to the firm. How long d'ye think I shall live? Have I time to make my will? Think of the firm! what will they say, when they think of my untimely end? I'm going—I feel it—my breath's leaving me, help! I say help!"

The joke was now become serious, for the Commercial Gentleman was black in the face, and we determined on telling him the truth. He listened to us with glistening eyes; at the conclusion, smiled in the most ghastly manner, and then rushed precipitately from the room.

A full quarter of an hour was spent in incessant roars of laughter, and when that time had elapsed, we sought him with the landlady; she told us, that on leaving the room, he called for his bill, "settled it like a lord," ordered a chaise, and quitted the town. The recollection of his lovely countenance when he left us, half a dozen empty phials, a cooling mixture, an empty pill-box, and some saline draughts, were all we had to console us for a surgeon's bill of three guineas, the sum we had the pleasure of paying for our hoax on the Commercial Gentleman.

they are discussing the adventure, and I will go to the commissary for a guard.

Returning soon after, he arrested the individual suspected, and conducted him to prison. On searching him, they discovered the merchant's watch, and other jewels, of which he had deprived the unhappy man. It was proved, besides, that on the day of the murder, the accused had been seen, by a girl, coming out of the wood of Cogniou. And these proofs, strengthened by other circumstances, condemned the accused, who avowed his crime to the confessor, on the scaffold.

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## VARIETY.

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### THE DOG OF COGNIU.

A paper merchant, established at Marseilles, went, in 1817, on a journey to Toulon, and was assassinated, on his return, in the wood of Cogniou. Notwithstanding the strictest inquiries made by the son and widow of the deceased, they could not fall upon the track of the murderer.

Six months thus passed away, about which time the merchant's son entered, one day, a coffee-house, where several persons were peaceably assembled. Immediately his father's dog, that had accompanied him, sprung with fury on a tall, lean man, who was enjoying the company of the ladies. Astonished at this sudden attack, every one rushed forward to restrain the furious animal—they beat him with sticks, and strove to draw him off by force—but all in vain—the dog redoubled his rage, and continued to bite his victim, who was pale with affright.

They then applied to his master, who, with the utmost difficulty, made him release his prisoner, and could only do so, by quickly leaving the place, when the dog followed him: having gone about an hundred steps, the animal returned, re-entered the coffee-house, and sprang upon the man.

There was present at the alarming scene, an individual who had been connected with the deceased—and he asked the son, who was struck with amazement, if his father had not that dog with him on his melancholy journey to Toulon. Yes, replied the son, he returned to the house long before we had any knowledge of the calamity that has ruined us.

During this private conversation, the master, who had seized a chord and fastened it round the dog's neck, was holding the dog with difficulty—when his friend added, if I do not deceive myself, that man is the murderer of your father—remain while

out some silver— "Take this, my pretty girl," said I, putting it into her's; "and may that God, who is the Father of the fatherless, be the preserver of your existence, and your virtue! Virtuous poverty is no crime."

I was turning from her, when she suddenly caught my withdrawn hand: and, putting it to her lips, burst into a flood of tears. The action, and the look which accompanied it, touched my soul: it melted to the artless gratitude of this poor Flower-girl, and a drop of sympathy fell from my cheeks. "Forgive me, sir," said she, recovering from her transport, while a sweet blush diffused itself over her lovely face, "my heart was full of what it could not express; nature impelled me to so free an action. You will pardon the effect it had on me, when I tell you they were the first kind words I have heard since I lost all that was dear to me on earth."—A sob interrupted her discourse: she stopped, and wept silently; then, raising up her face from the hand on which she had laid it, "O sir! I have no father! no mother! no relation! Alas! I have no friend in the world!" Choked with her emotions, she was silent for a moment before she could proceed. "My only friend is God! on him I rely! I submit to his will. I only pray that I may support, with fortitude, the miseries I am born to experience! To him, kind sir, this heart shall always pray for you. May that God for ever protect you!" added she, dropping a courtesy, full of humility and native grace, as she retired. I returned her benediction, and went on.

"And can I thus leave this poor creature?" said I as I walked, pensively on. "Can I leave her for ever, without emotion; what have I done for her, that can entitle me to her prayers? Preserved her a few days from death; but that is all! And shall I quit thee, fair flower, to see thee no more? to be blown down by the rude blast of adversity! to be cropped by some cruel spoiler! to droop thy lovely head beneath the blight of early sorrow! No! thou hast been reared on some happier bank; thou hast been nurtured by the sweet tears of maternal affection; thou hast once blushed beneath the cheering sun of domestic content, and under it thou shalt bloom again!" I turned as I spoke: my heart beat with its sweet purpose. I saw the beautiful Flower girl before me. I approached; I caught her hand; the words of triumphant virtue burst from my lips.

"Come, thou lovely, deserted girl! come, and add one more to the lovely groupe who call me father? Their home shall be thine: thou shalt share their comforts; thou shalt be taught, with them, that virtue their father tries to practise!" She stopped me; her eyes flashed with a frantic joy: she flung herself on her knees before me, and burst into a flood of rapturous tears. I raised her in my arms; I hushed her eloquent gratitude; I led her to a home of happiness and piety. She loves my children; she loves their father; and the poor orphan Flower girl is now the wife of my son!

## THE CABINET.

Here the leger-bent merchant may laugh his dust off,  
 And his dear dashing daughter may read her beau's scrawl;  
 Here manna may forget her genteel summer cough,  
 And aunt Charity turn up her nose at them all.

## THE FLOWER GIRL.

Let humble merit learn from this, that gold  
 Is much too poor a thing to purchase worth,  
 That men of mind regard with feelings cold  
 Her who can boast no more than gilded earth.

"PRAY buy a nosegay of a poor orphan!" said a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was passing the corner of a narrow street. I turned hastily, and beheld a girl of fourteen, whose drapery, though ragged, was clean, and whose form was such as a painter might have chosen for a youthful Venus. Her neck, without covering, was white as snow; and her features, though not regularly beautiful, were interesting, and set off by a transparent complexion: her eyes, dark and intelligent, were shaded by loose ringlets of a raven black, and poured their sweetly supplicating beams through the silken shade of very long lashes. On one arm hung a basket full of roses, and the other was stretched out towards me with one of the rose-buds. I put my hand into my pocket, drew

## THE CABINET.

"Yes, my lord; would you believe it? These eyes beheld them bowing to the maid, and swearing oaths of constancy to her, because she had the money—while merit stood unnoticed by them, because her garb was rent—Oh, how I itched to throttle them."

THE following entertaining and instructive story is selected from the columns of the Trenton Emporium, one of the best conducted literary journals in the United States, which we take this opportunity of recommending to the patronage of our citizens, as well worthy of their warmest support. The print itself is purely *American*, and the editor, Mr. POTTS, appears to be a gentleman of the most refined taste and pleasing fancy.

### THE HEIRESS.

A sprightly, rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired little girl, used to sit in the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite my lodgings when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred little sonnets, and tell over as many tales, in a sweet voice, and with an air of delightful simplicity, that charmed me many a time. She was then an orphan child, and commonly reported to be rich—often and often I sat after a day of toil and vexation, and listened to her innocent voice, breathing forth the notes of peace and happiness, which flowed cheerfully from a light heart, and felt a portion of that tranquillity steal over my own bosom—Such was Eliza Huntly when I first knew her.

Several years had elapsed, during which time I had been absent from the city, when, walking along one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female figure step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman and two pretty children. I did not immediately recognize her face, but my friend who was by my side, pulled my elbow, do you not remember little Eliza who used to sing for us when we lived together in Walnut-Street? I did remember; it was herself.

She used to be fond, said he, of treating her little circle of friends with romances—and at last she acted out a neat romance herself—She came out into the gay circles of life under the auspices of her guardians—it was said by some she was rich—very rich—but the amount of her wealth did not appear to be a matter of publicity; however, the current, and as was generally believed, well-founded report, was sufficient to draw around her many admirers—and among the number not a few serious courtiers.

She did not wait long, before a young gentleman on whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, because he was the gayest and handsomest of her lovers, emboldened by her partiality, made her an offer. Probably she blushed and her heart fluttered a little, but they were sitting in a moonlight parlour, and as her embarrassment was more than half concealed, she

soon recovered, and as a waggish humour happened to have the ascendant, she put on a serious face, told him she was honoured by his preference, but that there was one matter which she wished well understood before, by giving a reply, she bound him to his promise. Perhaps you may have thought me wealthy: I would not for the world have you labour under a mistake on that point; I am worth eighteen hundred dollars.

She was proceeding, but the gentleman started, as if electrified; eighteen hundred dollars, he repeated, in a manner that betrayed the utmost surprise; yes, ma'am, said he awkwardly, I did understand you was worth a great deal more—but—

No, sir, she replied; no excuses or apologies; think about what I have told you—you are embarrassed now; answer me another time; and rising, she bid him good night.

She just escaped a trap; he went next day to her guardians, to inquire more particularly into her affairs, and receiving the same answer, he dropped his suit at once.

The next serious proposal followed soon after, and this too came from one who had succeeded to a large portion of her esteem; but applying the same crucible to the love he offered her, she found a like result. He too left her, and she rejoiced in another fortunate escape.

She some time after became acquainted with a young gentleman of slender fortune, in whose approaches she thought she discovered more of the timorous diffidence of love than she had witnessed before. She did not check him in his hopes, and in process of time he too made her an offer. But when she spoke of her fortune, he begged her to be silent; it is to virtue, worth, and beauty, said he, that I pay my court; not to fortune. In you I shall obtain what is of more worth than gold. She was most agreeably disappointed. They were married; and after the union was solemnized, she made him master of her fortune with herself. I am indeed worth eighteen hundred dollars, said she to him; but I have never said how much more; and I never hope to enjoy more pleasure than I feel this moment, when I tell you my fortune is one hundred and eighty thousand.

It was actually so; but still her husband often tells her, that in her he possesses a far more noble fortune.

## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

"Behold yon breathing prospect bids the muse  
 "Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint  
 "Like nature? Can imagination boast,  
 "Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?"

## THE MAGIC SPECTACLES.

MR. MORRIS—I am one of those unfortunate young men who are obliged to aid their optics with specs, and of course am pitied by the thinking, laughed at by the impertinent, called judge by one, and doctor by another. It is no one's business why my eyes need the assistance of art—on this subject I shall say nothing, except that fashion never has had any influence with me, and I have never injured them in any manner which will ever call the crimson to my cheek.

I was a few days since ruminating on the misfortune of being condemned to subject myself to ridicule, and wishing for some hidden virtue in my glasses which might compensate for the innumerable jokes they brought upon me, when, on a sudden, methought a brilliant pair of shining spectacles hung in the air before me. I sunk back, and almost exclaimed, "Is this a dagger which I see before me?" wiped my concaves, rubbed my eyes, and still the phantom kept its place.

"Take them," said an unearthly voice, "for they are thine. Whenever thou wishest to read the hearts of men, wear them. See things, not as they seem, but as they are."

I seized them, while a whizzing sound gave note that the invisible donor had gone.

The next day I resolved to make a trial of the qualities of my new property, and carefully putting them in my pocket, I sallied out to take one more look at the appearance of things before I saw their reality. In Broadway, the great thoroughfare for all sorts and sizes, I took a long walk: smiling faces, morning compliments, dandies and dandizettes, idlers, and happy, happy loungers, ladies, "*oh terque et quarterque beatissime*," passed in all the sunshine of gaudy splendour. I dismounted my specs and raised the magic glass to my eye. Alas! how was the scene changed! what an appalling contrast presented itself! The street no longer seemed filled with the same people. The spruce young fellow who, but a moment before, was bowing with, "Madam, your most obedient," stood laughing at the deceit he had practiced; and the wily merchant, as his customer left the door, pocketed his pay, and said, in his heart, "I have *shaved* you pretty closely." The smile of happiness left the purse-proud hero's face, and shone with double lustre on the benign countenance of a virtuous youth, whose cheek before seemed pale with sorrow, and his brow already wrinkled with care. The wreath of magnanimity changed from the brow of a good looking man who angrily disputed about a trifle, to that of his opponent, who reasoned mildly, and kept command of himself, while an oath which loudly issued from the mouth of the former, called a tear into the eye of virtue, and the calm reply of the latter, "Friend, thou art more to be pitied than laughed at," brushed the tear from her radiant face.

I passed the City-Hall, and the figure of Justice, with her balanced scales, attracted my attention. Multitudes of great men were thronging round her temple, and many (among whom I recognized members of our legislature) were eagerly filling one of the scales with their promises, which already began to descend with the weight, when, lo! a guinea, dropped by the hand of bribery into the other, kicked up the beam. Many who had entered the wedded state, showed plainly that they were "paired, not matched," and some who were on the verge

of matrimony evidently followed the same course. A prim quakeress had as much pride concealed under a plain bonnet, a neat white satin frock, and a beautiful face, as had the gew-gaw belle ahead of her, with all her frills, tucks, plaits, and puckers; and the publican gloried as much in his *seemingly* private prayer, as the pharisee in his ostentatious orison.

Politicians were echoing the merits of their respective candidates with all the zeal of men devoted to the sole interest of their country, and cutting up the characters of their opponents with as little remorse as the butcher feels when he cuts the throat of his victim, or the epicure when he wallows among the flesh-pots at Niblo's or Sykes'. Presidents and governors were made and unmade in the twinkling of an eye; and, upon examination, it was only the loaves and fishes of Uncle Sam's great purse which gave voice to their opinion and energy to their actions. My soul sickened at the prospect around me, and as I hastily replaced the magic glasses in my pocket, the face of things assumed their wonted appearance, and I found myself surrounded by the same deceitful vision that filled the street on my entrance.

OMEGA.

## THE TATTLER.

"Have a care of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where."

### THE PARTY.

I AM an old bachelor.—"Alas, poor fellow," sigh the girls as soon as they read this frank declaration—but no matter—they say "that one good turn deserves another"—so say I, and as I have often sighed for them, it is no more than justice that they should sometimes sigh for me. I never intend to marry—"worse and worse," say they—"he ought to be compelled to pay a tax towards supporting the old maids." Granted—I will pay any tax rather than be taxed with matrimony. Now, from this, one would suppose that I disliked the society of ladies. "Not so fast, Mr. Rapid," I love their company exceedingly.

Not long since I received a very polite invitation, written on perfumed embossed paper, tastefully edged with gold, from Miss Margaret Thirty, to attend her party. I was in my counting-room when it arrived, posting my books, and calculating the receipts of the day. I broke the Cupid and bow of arrows, (which, by-the-by, was impressed upon the seal,) and swallowed the contents with satisfaction. Turning to James, I gave him the directions of my business, and hurried home to dress. Punctual to a moment I stood before Miss Margaret's mansion in Broadway; a gentletap at the door announced my arrival—the servant approached, with much ceremony and a very polite bow, demanded my purpose there. I told him, and he ushered me into the drawing-room, where Miss Margaret herself attended me. After the usual congratulations, I was conveyed to the parlour, and introduced to the party. They all arose to welcome me. I thanked them, and was seated.

Never before had I been in the presence of so much beauty and fashion, and I felt somewhat embarrassed as my eyes wandered around the magnificent chamber. Pictures and mirrors were arranged in bountiful profusion along the walls. Two large chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling—the rich medallion carpet yielded to the pressure of the delicate little feet of the ladies—the glowing Lehigh coal sent forth its fervent heat from the shining grate—the silver candlesticks, adorned with inimitable cuttings from the classic scissors of master Hubbard—the generous sideboard, loaded with the luxuries from every clime, gave promise of a rich repast to occupy the idle moments of the company. I say I felt embarrassed when I looked on these—but how shall I describe my feelings when I gazed on the pretty faces of the girls. I shall not attempt it—suffice it to mention that "I felt all over so," and that bashfulness, like an epidemic, seemed to infect the whole assembly, and that silence, by degrees, became the reigning empress of the scene. The conversation died away, and we were all, as the Frenchman in the play says, "as still as one little mouse." A stifled cough, now and then, from most of the guests present, alone interrupted the unwelcome silence. Finding no one inclined to talk, I summoned up resolution sufficient to ask Miss Mary B—— for a song.

"I never sing, sir," answered she.

"I have heard her, Mr. Rapid," immediately replied Miss Ann Officious.

"And so have I," said another lady.

"You'll not refuse me, then?"

"Do you know 'Sweet Home,' Miss Mary?"

"She does," said Ann, "and she sings it better than Mrs. Burke."

"Indeed, we should be very thankful if you would favour us with it."

Mary became very much agitated, and faintly uttered, "I have a very bad cold, sir, indeed I have."

"That's always the way with good singers," interrupted Miss Ann. "But come, Mary, do indulge the company. You know you do it ample justice. Come, begin."

"Oh do, Miss Mary," said a dozen voices at once.

"I would be very happy to oblige, but really I cannot sing. Pray excuse me, I never had the ability to sing, and besides, you perceive I have a very severe cold."

"You see, Mary is never at a loss to find an excuse for not obliging, but I can assure you, Mrs. Holman never sang so sweetly as I have heard Miss Mary. Do, gentlemen, assist me to prevail upon her—doubtless you have more influence. Mr. Worthless, do you undertake the difficult task?"

Mr. Worthless, and in truth the whole circle, insisted. "No" would not be received for an answer, and Mary began 'Sweet Home,' with a fluttering heart, and a crimson cheek. They had literally teased her into a fever.

I was led, from the frequent assurances of Miss Ann to that effect, to suppose that the young lady in question had really an excellent voice—more sweet perhaps than the throb of the nightingale, or the dulcet strains of the flute. But what was my surprise when sounds the most discordant I had ever heard broke upon my ear. The company were nearly convulsed with laughter, and Mary stopped, so mortified, that I thought I saw a tear in her eye.

Again she begged to be excused, but no.

"That is charming," said Miss Officious, laughing in her sleeve.

"Enchanting song," simpered beau Worthless. "Never heard any thing so fine in my life. Do proceed, for you do it great justice, I assure you."

Poor Mary began again, and went on very well until she was again interrupted by the giggling of every lady and gentleman in the room.

Miss Ann smothered a laugh with her handkerchief; a little polite Frenchman dryly sighed, "Oh dear;" and Mr. Uneasy, covering both ears with his hands, deeply groaned in the spirit.

Again the song was unfinished.

"A lovely composition—inspired poet—how easy and how sweet. We must have the last verse. It would be a pity to disappoint us now. It is really sublime—'pon honour," said young Mr. Hateful.

"That's the time of day, my flower," whispered Dick Vulgar to his intimate friend, Charles Paltry, who sat next to him. "Insist upon the song—That's the time."

Mary was induced to conclude "Sweet Home," very much to the amusement of her delighted listeners, and to the no small annoyance of Mr. Uneasy.

After this, the cake and wine went round, the company became more easy and better acquainted with each other. It seemed to be another scene—now all was life and frolic—wit sparkled and the jest prevailed—all was chit-chat and merriment—every heart seemed to partake of the general glow of good feeling, but when my eye turned to Miss Mary, I found her melancholy and dejected—she had become an object for folly to ridicule, and ill-nature to think of; and she was now sure of being remembered but to be laughed at wherever she went.

At one o'clock the company dispersed. Mary was unnoticed amid the bustle for shawls, coats, and hats. If by accident any one looked at her,

it was but to smile; and I heard Miss Officious, when sailing home with her gallant, Mr. Worthless, conversing about Mary with as much good-humour as she bestowed upon Mr. Sensible about twenty years ago, who took the liberty of being her beau for the space of nine months, and then left her for the more attractive smile of Miss Thankful, from the country.

As none of the gentlemen seemed disposed to wait upon Mary home, I undertook the office. Few words were exchanged between us as we pursued our walk down Broadway, and having arrived at her abode, I politely took my departure, after receiving an invitation to call again.

Two weeks have passed since this party was given, and of course a dashing rich old bachelor, like myself, could not avoid being present at several since, where many witty things were uttered at poor Mary's expense, and she has become so celebrated for her "introductory exploit," as it is called, that I imagine most of the readers of this essay have either seen or heard of her.

I went the other evening with Mary to the Park Theatre, and 'Home, sweet home,' was introduced into the opera then performed. It had scarcely commenced when Mary's eyes filled with tears—it was at the recollection of her own failure in the same piece of music that caused them—from my heart I pitied her, and I then came to the unalterable determination never to marry, for it appeared to me evident, that if the ladies take such delight in mortifying the feelings of each other, they would not be very backward in conferring the same obligation upon the members of my own sex.

RAPID.

## THE STUDENT.

ON a stormy night, in the tempestuous times of the French revolution, a young German was returning to his lodgings, at a late hour, across the old part of Paris. The lightning gleamed, and the loud claps of thunder rattled through the narrow streets—but I shall first tell you something of this young gentleman.

Gottfried Wolfgang was a young man of good family. He had studied for some time at Göttingen, but being of a visionary and enthusiastic character, he had wandered into those wild and speculative doctrines which have so often bewildered German students. His secluded life, his intense application, and the singular nature of his studies, had an effect on both mind and body. His health was impaired; his imagination diseased. He had been indulging his fanciful speculations on spiritual essences, until, like Swedenborg, he had an ideal world of his own around him. He took a notion, I do not know from what cause, that there was an evil influence hanging over him; an evil genius or spirit seeking to ensnare him and ensure his perdition. Such an idea working on his melancholy temperament, produced the most gloomy effects. He became haggard and desponding. His friends discovered the mental malady that was preying upon him, and determined that the best cure was a change of scene; he was sent, therefore, to finish his studies amidst the splendour and gaieties of Paris.

Wolfgang arrived at Paris at the breaking out of the revolution. The popular delirium at first

caught his enthusiastic mind, and he was captivated by the political and philosophical theories of the day; but the scenes of blood which followed shocked his sensitive nature, disgusted him with society and the world, and made him more than ever a recluse. He shut himself up in a solitary apartment in the *Pays Latin*, the quarter of students. There, in a gloomy street, not far from the monastic walls of the *Sarbonne*, he pursued his favourite speculations. Sometimes he spent hours together in the great libraries of Paris, those catacombs of departed authors, rummaging among their hoards of dusty and obsolete works, in quest of food for his unhealthy appetite. He was, in a manner, a literary goul, feeding in the charnal-house of decayed literature.

Wolfgang, though solitary and recluse, was of an ardent temperament, but for a time it operated merely upon his imagination. He was too shy and ignorant of the world to make any advances to the fair, but he was a passionate admirer of female beauty, and in his lonely chamber would often lose himself in reveries, on forms and faces which he had seen, and his fancy would deck out images of loveliness far surpassing the reality.

While his mind was in this excited and sublimated state, he had a dream which produced an extraordinary effect upon him. It was of a female face of transcendent beauty. So strong was the impression it made, that he dreamt of it again and again. It haunted his thoughts by day, his slumbers by night; in fine, he became enamoured of this shadow of a dream. This lasted so long, that it became one of those fixed ideas which haunt the minds of melancholy men, and are at times mistaken for madness.

Such was Gottfried Wolfgang, and such his situation at the time I mentioned. He was returning home late one stormy night, through some of the old and gloomy streets of the *Marais*, the ancient part of Paris. The loud claps of thunder rattled among the high houses of the narrow streets. He came to the *Place de Greve*, the square where public executions are performed. The lightning quivered about the pinnacles of the ancient *Hotel de Ville*, and shed flickering gleams over the open space in front. As Wolfgang was crossing the square, he shrunk back with horror at finding himself close by the guillotine. It was the height of the reign of terror, when this dreadful instrument of death stood ever ready, and its scaffold was continually running with the blood of the virtuous and the brave. It had that very day been actively employed in the work of carnage, and there it stood in grim array amidst the silent and sleeping city, waiting for fresh victims.

Wolfgang's heart sickened within him, and he was turning, shuddering, from the horrible engine, when he beheld a shadowy form covering as it were at the foot of the steps which led up to the scaffold. A succession of vivid flashes of lightning revealed it more distinctly. It was a female figure, dressed in black. She was seated on one of the lower steps of the scaffold, leaning forward, her face hid in her lap, and her long dishevelled tresses hanging to the ground, streaming with the rain, which fell in torrents. Wolfgang paused. There was something awful in this solitary monument of woe. The female had the appearance of being above the common order. He knew the times to be full of vicissitude, and that many a fair head, which had once been pillowed on down, now wandered houseless. Perhaps this was some poor mourner, whom the dreadful axe had rendered desolate, and who sat heart-broken on the stand of existence, from which all that was dear to her had been launched into eternity.

He approached and addressed her in the accents of sympathy. She raised her head and gazed wildly at him. What was his astonishment at beholding, by the bright glare of the lightning, the very face which had haunted him in his dreams. It was pale and disconsolate, but ravishingly beautiful.

Trembling with violent and conflicting emotions, Wolfgang again accosted her. He spoke something of her being exposed at such an hour of the night, and to the fury of such a storm, and offered to conduct her to her friends. She pointed to the guillotine with a gesture of dreadful signification.

"I have no friend on earth!" said she.

"But you have a home," said Wolfgang.

"Yes—in the grave!"

The heart of the student melted at the words.

"If a stranger dare make an offer," said he, "without danger of being misunderstood, I would offer my humble dwelling as a shelter; myself as a devoted friend. I am friendless myself in Paris, and a stranger in the land; but if my life could be of service, it is at your disposal, and should be sacrificed before harm or indignity should come to you."

There was an honest earnestness in the young man's manner that had its effect. His foreign accent, too, was in his favour; it showed him not to be an hackneyed inhabitant of Paris. Indeed there is an eloquence in true enthusiasm that is not to be doubted. The homeless stranger confided herself implicitly to the protection of the student.

He supported her faltering steps across the *Pont Neuf*, and by the place where the statue of *Henry the Fourth* had been overthrown by the populace. The storm had abated, and the thunder rumbled at a distance. All Paris was quiet: that great volcano of human passion slumbered for a-while, to gather fresh strength for the next day's eruption.—The student conducted his charge through the ancient streets of the *Pays Latin*, and by the dusky walls of the *Sarbonne* to the great dingy hotel which he inhabited. The old portress who admitted them stared with surprise at the unusual sight of the melancholy Wolfgang with a female companion.

On entering his apartment, the student, for the first time, blushed at the scantiness and indifference of his dwelling. He had but one chamber—an old-fashioned saloon—heavily carved and fantastically furnished with the remains of former magnificence, for it was one of those hotels in the quarter of the *Luxembourg* palace which had once belonged to nobility. It was lumbered with books and papers, and all the usual apparatus of a student, and his bed stood in a recess at one end.

When lights were brought, and Wolfgang had a better opportunity of contemplating the stranger, he was more than ever intoxicated by her beauty. Her face was pale, but of a dazzling fairness, set off by a profusion of raven hair, that hung clustering about it. Her eyes were large and brilliant, with a singular expression, that approached almost to wildness. As far as her black dress permitted her shape to be seen, it was of perfect symmetry. Her whole appearance was highly striking, though she was dressed in the simplest style. The only thing approaching to an ornament which she wore, was a broad black band round her neck, clasped by diamonds.

The perplexity now commenced with the student how to dispose of the helpless being thus thrown upon his protection. He thought of abandoning his chamber to her, and seeking shelter for himself elsewhere. Still he was fascinated by her charms, there seemed to be such a spell upon his thoughts and senses, that he could not tear himself from her presence. Her manner, too, was singular and un-

accountable. She spoke no more of the guillotine. Her grief had abated. The attentions of the student had first won her confidence, and then, apparently, her heart. She was evidently an enthusiast like himself, and enthusiasts soon understand each other.

In the infatuation of the moment Wolfgang avowed his passion for her. He told her the story of his mysterious dream, and how she had possessed his heart before he had ever seen her. She was strangely affected by his recital, and acknowledged to have felt an impulse toward him equally unaccountable. It was the time for wild theory and wild actions. Old prejudices and superstitions were done away; every thing was under the sway of the "Goddess of reason." Among other rubbish of the old times, the forms and ceremonies of marriage began to be considered superfluous bonds for honourable minds. Social compacts were the vogue. Wolfgang was too much of a theorist not to be tainted by the liberal doctrines of the day.

"Why should we separate?" said he: "our hearts are united; in the eye of reason and honour we are as one. What need is there of sordid forms to bind high souls together?"

The stranger listened with emotion;—she had evidently received illumination at the same school.

"You have no home nor family," continued he, "let me be every thing to you, or rather let us be every thing to one another. If form is necessary, form shall be observed—there is my hand. I pledge myself to you for ever."

"For ever?" said the stranger, solemnly.

"For ever!" repeated Wolfgang.

The stranger clasped the hand extended to her: "Then I am yours," murmured she, and sunk upon his bosom.

The next morning the student left his bride sleeping, and sallied forth, early, to seek more spacious apartments, suitable to the change in his situation. When he returned, he found the stranger lying with her head hanging over the bed, and one arm thrown over it. He spoke to her, but received no reply. He advanced to awaken her from her uneasy posture. On taking her hand, it was cold; there was no pulsation; her face was pallid and ghastly. In a word—she was a corpse.

Horried and frantic, he alarmed the house. A scene of confusion ensued. The police was summoned. As the officer of the police entered the room, he started back on beholding the corpse.

"Great heaven!" cried he, "how did this woman come here?"

"Do you know any thing about her?" said Wolfgang eagerly.

"Do I?" exclaimed the police officer; "she was guillotined yesterday!"

He stepped forward; undid the black collar round the neck of the corpse, and the head rolled on the floor!

The student burst into a frenzy, "The fiend! the fiend has gained possession of me!" shrieked he: "I am lost for ever!"

They tried to soothe him, but in vain. He was possessed with the frightful belief that an evil spirit had re-animated the dead body, to ensnare him. He went distracted, and died in a mad-house.

At one of the German battles a regiment had orders not to grant quarter. An unhappy enemy, wounded and disarmed, begged hard for his life from one of its officers. Touched with his situation, the officer replied, "I pity your misfortune, and—ask any thing else but that, and, upon my honour, I will grant your request!"

## ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

I saw her coral lips to move,  
And with her breath she did perfume the air;  
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

## THE WEDDING PARTY.

It was about 7 o'clock in the evening, when I was sitting in my study, with my book yawning on my lap, and a sweet segar in my mouth, from whence issued columns of smoke, which rising and curling, would break off in a thousand different ways, and disappear. I was thinking in what manner I should employ my mind to drive away the *ennui* that preyed upon me. Read I could not, for I had already fatigued my eyes by pouring over the fine print, and endeavouring in vain to search the meaning of some dark passages, I suddenly recollected an invitation I had received to a wedding party, which was to take place this evening in the neighbourhood. The bride was an old acquaintance, I had known her from a child, and watched with delight the great improvement each succeeding year brought with it. I recollect when we walked hand in hand, around the garden. I plucking and presenting her the most beautiful flowers, and she singing and delighting me with her voice—then we were children. I saw her when she arrived at her 16th year. She was now, an elegant looking girl, and admirers began to gather around her. She passed through this and the succeeding year, gathering new friends about her, and now at her eighteenth year she was about to become a bride.

The respect I entertained for her, and the amusement a wedding party promised, induced me to accept of the invitation she had sent me. I spent but a little time in adjusting my clothes, for as long as I look decent I am content. It is a matter of little consequence to me if my body is not covered with a white suit when I attend an assemblage of this description, or my neck clothed in an elegant handkerchief of the same colour, tied and curled in just such a situation, notwithstanding, I am certain I shall attract the attention of the *a la modes*, who would not appear in any other habilament for a kingdom. I always think the man who employs so much attention to his body has little to spare for the improvement of his mind. I therefore took whatever garment came first, put it on in a neat plain style, looked in the glass to see that my vest was not wrong side before; or some other prominent fault, took my hat, and called on my friend John.

Before I proceed farther, I must give a short description of the said John (or *Jacky* as he is vulgarly called.) He is one of the most singular, and at the same time as good, a genius as nature ever produced. I will not say he is handsome; nor will I admit he is ugly. To use his own language, "he cares not for the world, nor does he esteem the world's opinion a fraction." He is wont to say give me a good conscience that will suffer me to sleep in the evening, and softly breathe in my ear in the morn, and tell me arise. This is all he cares for. Notwithstanding his singular disposition, I have seen him weep over the misfortunes of his fellow beings, and slip in the beggar's hand his last shilling, when he thought no person perceived him. No way suits him but his own, and this

he will have if the whole world oppose him. He hates a gaudy dress, and yet there is no person neater than himself. He will spend an hour before the glass in adjusting his cravat, and after he has finished, it has been turned about fifty ways, and is generally left in the position in which it was first placed on his neck. I once remonstrated against such foolishness, to which he replied "it is my way, and so I'll have it."

This is one of his greatest faults; I myself experienced its inconvenience before we started for the party. I called on him at 8, and he began to dress, then found him "just the thing," and off we went. As we were walking along he assured me, he would rather be whipt than sit all the evening at one of these modern parties, and see nothing but dancing. "When," said he, "I was young, it was a pleasure to go to these places, for a kiss from some pretty girl would repay one for all their trouble." "But now there is no such thing as playing pawns, losing them intentionally, and bribing one of your companions, by promising to do as much for him in return, to make you pay your *forfeit*, by kissing the prettiest girl in the room." "Oh," said he, with a sigh, "that was the golden age; but now at a party you may suck your thumbs in a corner all the night long."

There was some truth in my friend's remarks—but still a party of the present day has its amusements for me. I am as fond of "bussing the lassies" as any others, but when I am deprived of that pleasure I can find others as great. At half past ten we arrived at the door, John had my arm, which he immediately let go, pulled up his collar, rubbed his hair, and after hemming and coughing a dozen times, and making me promise to go before him and enter the room first, told me to knock. I did so—the servant came, and we were left in the entry. I found my friend immediately behind me. In a moment I was ushered into the room, and after going through the ceremonies of introduction, and witnessing the embarrassment of *Jacky*, I began to make my observations.

If there is any place on earth which can convey to us an idea of paradise, it is a wedding party—here discontent and care can find no entrance—pleasure rears her throne in the midst of the assemblage, and her votaries throng smiling around. In one corner of the room was placed an elegant piano forte, at which the bride was playing, and the instrument, which she accompanied by her voice, produced such melodious music that she had drawn a crowd of listeners about her. Beside her stood her husband, he was an amiable interesting person, and his manners so gentlemanly, that I was delighted with him. He hung over his fond bride in delight, and many a word of love did her hazle black eyes speak when they caught a glance from his. Behind her was one of her attendants; she was the groom's sister, a middle sized girl, with keen black eyes, and a high bright forehead, ruby lips, from which the sweetest flower might receive sweets; her hair as black as the raven's plume, and her complexion would make the lily and the rose envious. She was a charming figure, and admired and adored by all who saw her. She possessed gaiety without levity, pride without ostentation, and a bright mind without the stain of pedantry; her conversation was lively, witty, and sensible,

and her whole deportment one of the most interesting I have ever seen.

I have given my readers as near as possible a correct description of the principal characters. I shall now proceed to exhibit the company *en masse*. The gentlemen were selecting ladies for partners to form a dance—while this was going on I cast my eyes upon my friend John, knowing that this was not "the thing" for him. He was sitting in a corner of the room, and beautiful females surrounded him on all sides. Not a word did he speak, his hands were in his pockets, and he was humming over some dry tune, which nobody knew any thing about but himself. He was rolling his eyes around, and he saw me laughing at him, when he immediately sat up straight, turned around, and told a lady, what she before knew—"that it was fine weather."

About a dozen couple were now raised to dance. The bride played for them, and off they went. Their feet seemed hardly to touch the floor, and when they did they fell as on a bed of flowers. They amused themselves in this manner until they were so fatigued they could hardly stand, when they seated themselves, some on the sofa, and others on chairs. In came the waiter with wines and cordials, which those who had been dancing did not spare. It had its invigorating effects, and tongues began to grow very limber.—There was such a laughing and talking I was almost lost in the confusion. The weather was one subject of conversation; then it shifted to a married life; dancing; a bride; a groom; and so many other subjects, that it is impossible for me to remember half. Some felt as light as feathers, and were again ready to trip along with their delicate little feet—others laughed at they knew not what—and every one seemed in the finest spirits.

In the course of a few minutes all was again still. It was like a calm after a storm. They had so exhausted themselves, and the enlivening effects of the wine had so effectually evaporated, that they felt fatigued. However, they soon began again, and now was the time to see their natural disposition. They conversed in the most sensible manner, and in a few moments, such warm and learned arguments were brought forward, that I often was surprised at their ingenuity. Good humour characterized them, darts of wit were thrown out, and parried off with the same missiles; or else they were drawn back by silken cords of good nature. I never felt more delighted, and I could have listened all the night long. The clock struck one; this unruly hour broke the thread of the discourse, and a greater portion began to retire. Now all again was confusion—some had lost a shawl, others their gloves, and almost every one had mislaid some little article. One by one kissed the bride, bade her good night, and left the room. My friend John assured me it was time to go, or else some lady would make us trudge two or three miles home with her at this hour; so off we pushed alone, and the next morning when we awoke, we found we had a decent kind of a head-ache, which John assured me would not have been the case had their been any kissing. I attributed it to our exit in such a hurry, determining ever after to go out of a door with less speed, and take greater care of my perecranium. T.

**UNREQUITED LOVE.**

It is not often, Mr. Morris, we find the little god can shoot so strong a dart as to endanger the health of a man; but the author of the following lines had that pensive turn of mind which is apt to unfit its possessor to battle with the rude miseries of the world—there was a wild poetry in his nature which led him away from the busy haunts of men; and no more could the fragile and delicate form of a woman bear the storms which beat against the sailor's breast, than could his spirit buffet the tempests of the moral world. A young girl, of uncommon loveliness, won his attention, and he became deeply attached. A cold repulse from the object of his affection gave a tinge of deep melancholy to his character, from which he never recovered. He was soon after evidently wasting away in a rapid consumption; and he gradually sunk into his premature grave, murmuring the loved name with the last breath of his quivering lips. I found these lines among his papers, with several others which I may hereafter offer for your inspection. I have sometimes thought of trying a line or two myself upon his simple grave, but I believe I had better let it alone—no breath of music or line of poetry can add to the interest of the sod beneath which lies mouldering the still, cold heart of faithful love.

Come, turn those dear glances one moment on me,  
 Let me feel them once more ere I'm parted from thee;  
 But one touch of that lip—but one gaze in that eye,  
 Then in fulness of heart I could leave thee and die.  
 Young visions of thee have gleamed over my way,  
 Too much breathing of heaven on this earth to stay;  
 Like the hues of the rainbow one moment they shone,  
 And I wept as they faded and left me alone.  
 Oh! why do I think on that loved form of thine,  
 When I feel—when I know thou canst never be mine!  
 And why on thy lip will such winning smiles be,  
 When my swelling heart owns that it smiles not for me.  
 They talk of the world and the beauties that glow  
 On the gold of the cloud, or the tinge of the bow—  
 In the swell of the sky, or the heave of the sea—  
 Oh! what are these beauties when parted from thee!  
 But hush, thou fond heart—murmur not to the ear  
 That is turned but so coldly thy sorrow to hear;  
 And seek not the eye, my sad song, that could save,  
 Not a glance at my woe, or a tear for my grave.  
 And crush down that passion, devoted and true,  
 Till the heart that throbs with it is mouldering too;  
 Nor let these chilled feelings, I writhe beneath, now  
 Call a tear to her eye, or a cloud to her brow.  
 Smile on, lovely being, and think not of me,  
 Though this heart will be still when it beats not for thee;  
 Laugh, dance, joke, or sing, and be merry while I  
 Will leave, though I love thee, and lay down and die. ALPHA

## THE TRAVELLER.

### VALLEY OF BOGOTA.

THE following beautiful description of the Valley of Bogota, is extracted from one of the numerous tracts, on the subject of the new and noisy Republic of Columbia, published by Mr. Robinson, the interesting and popular author of the memoirs of Mexico.

"The next morning we proceeded on our jaunt to the Salto; it is about two leagues from *Suacha*, and the course about W. by N. Half a league from the village, we came to the fertile and valuable Hacienda, called *Canaas*, whose proprietor derives a revenue from the culture of wheat and the pasturage of cattle, of more than \$20,000 annually; but from the extent of the property, and fertility of its soil, it could, by industry and proper culture, be made to produce fifteen or twenty times more than its present revenue! As we approached the foot of the mountains, we were enchanted with the beauty and native luxuriance of this part of the great valley of Bogota; the river bearing that name, wound around us through the plain, in every direction of the compass; the vivid and perpetual verdure of the scenery; barley and wheat, in all their various stages of vegetation; flocks of sheep, cattle, and horses, browsing in rich pastures, or roving on the declivities of the mountains, presented to all of us a rural scene, equally splendid and novel; but when we had reached the summit of the mountains, and in the scope of our vision embraced the greater part of this delightful vale, the scene was magnificent, realizing all that poets have sung of the celebrated charms of Arcadia. We beheld spacious lakes, and the river meandering below us; and, altogether, we enjoyed a view of this interesting plain and its adjacent mountains, perhaps to greater advantage than from any other position, at the same time inhaling an atmosphere as mild and salubrious as ever mortals breathed. We had no thermometer with us, but we judged the temperature at about 68 or 70° of Fahrenheit. The summit on which we enjoyed this prospect was about five to six hundred feet above the valley. Even the mountains which surround this charming place exhibited a scenery entirely new to us; they were clothed with down, or close herbage of perpetual green, and though many of them were elevated and romantic, yet they conveyed an idea of the sublime and beautiful, without any of the terror of mountain scenes.

Within our view was a body of territory capable, under proper culture, of sustaining at least *three millions* of the human species—a population nearly equal to that of all the republic of Columbia at present. At first view, this may appear an exaggerated statement; but when we reflect that the valley of Bogota is about sixty or seventy miles in length, and an average breadth of about twenty-eight miles, that the mountains in every direction around this spacious vale, are capable of culture to their summits, and in their ravines; that it is situated in a climate without a parallel on the globe for benignity and salubrity; that every plant and animal common to Europe would here find a congenial soil and climate, we shall find that the idea of its sustaining, in rural comfort, a population of three millions of inhabitants, by no means extravagant. In France and the south of Europe, we find more than three millions of people sustained by agriculture in a much less space. Yet all this extensive plain and fertile mountains are nearly in the same virgin state as when first discovered by the Spaniards, and probably would have remained so many centuries longer, had the former and pernicious policy of Spain, continued to wither and blight all the great physical blessings of these regions.

While we indulged a sentiment of profound indignation on beholding the gloomy and fatal effects of

Spanish policy, we were at the same time cheered with the future prospect which Colombian laws and a liberal policy would produce ere long in this highly favoured country, which, instead of being condemned, as hitherto, to remain inactive and useless, all this beautiful valley and surrounding mountains will become the abode of civilized man, yielding subsistence and felicity to three millions of inhabitants.

How different will be the future aspect of this valley, when the hand of industry and science spreads its advantages over the soil; when horticulture embellishes the country with modern improvements; and when, in fact, the whole of this vast plain becomes divided into small farms, with orchards of choice fruit-trees, and beautiful cottages; then, indeed, will the valley of Bogota become a spot of residence truly desirable, and possessing more advantages as regards its soil and climate, than any other in Europe or America.

From the summit before mentioned, we gradually descended about five hundred and seventy feet, through forests of majestic trees, clothed with deep green, and where every inch of ground bore decisive evidences of exuberant vegetation—where every plant of the temperate zone would flourish in a kindred soil, but excepting one or two small spots in rude culture; all the rest of this beautiful mountain region was as silent as the sepulchre, save only now and then, a bird of beautiful plumage caught our eyes in the thicket, or our ears with its melodious notes.

We reached a level spot, where we left our horses, and descended about one hundred and fifty feet. Here the Salto of Tecuendama burst on our view: a small river about forty yards wide rushed down between two mountains, until it approached the edge of a precipice, where it precipitately discharged a column of water, about twenty-five yards in width and ten in diameter, into the great abyss below. This chasm of the mountains is what is usually called a *Barranca*; on both sides it was nearly perpendicular, consisting of layers of granite—its height was about one thousand to twelve hundred feet; above this body of stone, the country on each side was crowned with large forest-trees, gradually rising to an immense height, and presenting the most splendid forest-scene I ever beheld; at the spot where the water fell into the Barranca, it was about six hundred feet, according to the measurement of Humboldt—but many of the natives of Bogota give to the fall a much greater descent; but as Humboldt is in general accurate in his measurement of the various heights in America, and had the advantage of the best instruments, his account is much more to be relied on than the vague opinions.

If this fine country offered no other inducement to the traveller, a visit to the plain of Bogota and the Salto of Tecuendama would afford him an ample remuneration for all his fatigues and privations.

The roar of the fall, the beauty, novelty, and sublimity of its appearance, the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, and the *tout ensemble* of the country, constitute a scene perfectly unique; and I can only add, that I would not have been without the peculiar delight which this great natural curiosity has afforded me for all the metallic wealth of Colombia; and I shall bear with me to the grave the deep and interesting impression it has made on my mind."

# ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

The lover of nature sympathizes with every object around him. He mounts on the wings of the lark. He cowers with the raven. He glides along with the clouds, and shares the gloom of every forest.

**VIRGINIA ST. VICTOR,**  
AN AMERICAN TALE.

## CHAPTER I.

"Hackney'd in business, wearied at the oar  
Which thousands, once fast chained to, quit no more;  
The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,  
Pant for the refuge of some rural shade."

TWENTY years ago, the beautiful village which, for particular reasons, I shall call Beckford, (in the State of New-York,) was not half so large as it is now. The green, or common, round which it is built, could not then boast of its neat white fence, nor the tall liberty pole bearing aloft the symbolical cap, which are conspicuous objects at present; nor was the large brick hotel, which now salutes the eye of the traveler on his first entrance to the town, then in existence. But still it was a lovely place; and although the little stone church, overshadowed with elms and willows; the square white court-house, brightly reflecting the noontide rays from its tin covered cupola; and the long, wooden academy, surmounted by a belfry, and surrounded by poplars, did not present as imposing an appearance as their stone and brick successors do; yet there was a neat and picturesque air around them which is wanting in the late erections.

On the spot occupied by the above-mentioned hotel, stood the tavern, painted red, with white edgings, and surrounded by piazzas, and its tall sign-posts supported a splendid painting of the goddess of liberty weeping over the tomb of Washington; the wonder and admiration of the country around. Near this tavern was a two story yellow wood house, placed a little back from the road, and separated from it by a small door-yard, around which were arranged a poplar and locust-tree alternately; from the gate to the house was a path which separated two grass plots, each ornamented with a small spruce-tree placed in the middle; and between these and the fence grew in their seasons many a brilliant hollyhock, and piony, and lady's slipper.

I have been thus particular with my description of this house, because it was the residence of the parents of my hero, and I thought on that account it deserved it. These worthy people (Mr. and Mrs. Marston) had once lived in the city of New-York, in very easy circumstances; but being ruined by the villany of Mr. Marston's brother, had retired to Beckford for economy, eight years since. On the front piazza of the last-mentioned house was Mrs. Marston herself, walking up and down, impatiently expecting the arrival of her son from the city, who was to spend a few weeks with them.

"I wonder he don't come," she said to her husband, who was sitting on the steps, quietly smoking his cigar—"I wonder what keeps Julius so late—I'm sure the stage must have upset, and he will be brought home soon, I've no doubt, with his leg broken short off."

"Spare your delightful anticipations, if you please, my dear," answered her husband, "or enjoy them in silence, for you are enough to give one the blues;

don't be so impatient, he will be along directly, I tell you; it is only five o'clock yet."

Thus silenced, Mrs. Marston took two turns across the piazza before she spoke again; at last, however, as she passed the steps, she said,

"I am glad old Welling's niece is coming to spend the summer with him; she will enliven the village a little, and make it more pleasant for Julius. I hear she is a great beauty, and I guess she'll be quite a fortune when her uncle dies, won't she?"

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Marston, "I suspect she will; old Welling must be a rich man, and there will be no one for him to leave it to but her; his sister, Miss Cathamil, who brought Miss Welling up, will leave her something pretty also, it is said."

The lady took another turn before she came out with—

"What a nice match she would be for Julius, if he would only have her!"

"Now that's just like all you women!" exclaimed Mr. Marston, rising and throwing away the end of his cigar with a jerk—"you do not know any more about her than you do about the man in the moon, and yet, because you think she's rich, you would marry her to your son in a moment. How do you know but that she is as cross as a cat, as ugly as a squaw, or as stingy as the devil?"

"Lord, Mr. Marston, how you run on! I'm sure if she was all that, I wouldn't want Julius to marry her, but I know she is as pretty and good tempered a girl as any in the state, for Mrs. Chapman, the doctor's wife, was down to New-York this spring, and saw her, and I made particular inquiries about her."

"Well, but you know, my dear," answered her husband, who had now entered into the spirit of arguing, "Julius has a hankering after Virginia St. Victor, the stranger's daughter."

"Oh! that's a boyish flame, which I guess has worn off before this."

"I don't know," answered her helpmate, with a sagacious shake of the head—"boyish flames are sometimes pretty obstinate—but what fools we are to stand arguing about his marriage! Why, he is only a clerk in his uncle's dry good store! I wonder, my dear, you can think of it for a moment. I shall not give my consent to his marrying, or even engaging himself, to a poor girl, and I'm sure a rich one wouldn't have such a pennyless creature as him. I should think our struggle through poverty ought to be a lesson to you."

"Yes, we were poor when we married, but we got rich, and he may too—our poverty afterwards was occasioned by your brother's villany, in going off with the money he was to take out for those people to the western country, you know."

Mrs. Marston was that disagreeable thing known by the name of "a plain-spoken woman"—and would have her say out, in spite of the pain it might occasion; she therefore went on with,

"I shall always think it was a foolish thing in you to pay them; your brother's wickedness was not your fault."

"It was my fault, in a measure," replied Mr. Marston, with a sigh—"I knew my brother was not a fit agent to go out there for them; but I fondly hoped he had reformed—my love, let's drop this subject; it always makes me melancholy. However, this much

I will say—that I never will believe that Frederic, bad as he was, (for that he was very passionate and dissipated I must allow,) would ever have gone off with that money, and left me to bear the loss and ignominy; he was, perhaps, murdered in that wild country; he cannot be alive now, for it is twenty years since he left us."

The gloom and silence that followed this discourse was interrupted by the glad sound of the stage-horn, as it echoed from the surrounding hills; and in a few moments the loving parents and beloved son were in each other's arms.

"My dear father, how well you look!—how delightful it is around here!" were his joyful exclamations; "ah, how sweet this country air smells to one only used to the smoke and dust of the city, as I have been; dear mother, I am sure I have never seen your roses and lilies look as well as they do now!"

But the luxury of being in the country, with one's friends, must be so well known to all my readers, that I will spare them the recital of what took place that evening.

The next day, soon after breakfast, our hero sallied forth, to call on some of his old friends, and among the first was Virginia St. Victor, one who had no small share in his enthusiasm for the country and his home.

She was the daughter of a West-India gentleman, who had met with great misfortunes at home, and on the death of his wife came to New-York. He appeared at Beckford five years since, but misfortunes and sickness following him, his small stock of money was soon exhausted, and he was unable to get any employment to add to it. He struggled on from day to day, for three years, and then suddenly disappeared; leaving a letter for Jacobus Van Hoozeboom, who had been very kind to him and his daughter, in which he stated that, unable to bear the sight of his daughter's misery and poverty, he had gone off to try to make something to support them; and as he could not take her with him, he entreated them to give her some employment in their family which would entitle her to their protection. Well did he know the hearts of Jacobus and his wife; they had long sorrowed over the situation of Virginia, and had done all they could to alleviate it; and now willingly took charge of her, for, independent of their charitable motives, her smartness at her needle and other acquirements they knew would be useful to them.—Mr. St. Victor had now been gone two years, and nothing had been heard of him; but still his anxious daughter would not give up the hope that he was alive and would come home soon; a belief which, however, none cherished with her.

The misfortunes she had met with through life very naturally had their effect on Virginia. Her dark hazle eyes, which, under happier circumstances, might have shot forth rays of joy and gladness, were now generally bent to the ground with an expression of sadness; and her dark brown hair waved over her cheeks, to which, the exercise she took might have imparted a brighter hue, but that the unquiet spirit within counteracted its effects, and cast a delicate paleness over them. She was not, however, always thus sad and pale, or she would have been but a dreary companion; but youth and hope would sometimes

shake off sorrow and anxiety, and permit the natural brightness of her character to appear; and at such times, her vivacity and intelligence rendered her doubly charming for the novelty which attended it. Her downcast eyes and pale countenance gave her an appearance of gentleness and timidity which did not belong to her; for she had a high and noble soul, and there was firmness and deep feeling, and strong pride in her, which was known to few. She was one who would go "through the furnace unshrinking," to follow the footsteps of one she loved and trusted.

This noble creature Julius loved; but had never dared to tell her so, until the Christmas which preceded this last visit at home. He was then up to spend the holidays, and drove her home in his sleigh, one bright January night; and then he first summoned up courage to declare his sentiments; and had the happiness of hearing from her lips the confession of the attachment she had long felt for him.

He immediately flew to his father to communicate the glad tidings, and ask his consent to his engagement; but his father told him he would not listen to any thing of the kind for some years to come, and that, as he was only a clerk, and quite young, it would be extreme folly in him to think of it now. He added that he was very well pleased with the young lady, but thought it would only unfit him for business to keep up an engagement, and consequently a correspondence, when he ought to be straining every nerve to make his fortune;

"For you know, my dear Julius," he continued, "I have very little to give you, and you must depend, in future, on your own exertions."

For the life of him Julius could not help seeing the reasonableness of this, nor could he be angry; so he immediately hastened to Virginia, although not in a very calm mood, and found her quite as convinced as his father of the impropriety of thinking of marrying yet. In the first impatience of control, he urged her to a private marriage; but she firmly refused, saying, "As we are both young and poor, it is better we should dissolve all engagements; and therefore, dear Julius, we are both from this moment free."

"Yes! we are free," was Julius' passionate exclamation, "but we need not love the less! I, at least, shall 'love on through all ills, and love on 'til I die'—the fatigue and toil of business will now seem light to me, when you are to be the bright reward of all my labours."

Virginia smiled at his earnestness, and although she did not say it, yet she felt that she also should "love on through all ills, and love on 'til death." They soon after this parted, and had not seen each other until the morning mentioned above.

Mr. Van Hoogeboom's house was one of those Dutch cottages whose roof comes shelving down so as to form a covering to the piazza also. The room Julius was shown into was merely sanded and ornamented with divers curls and waves, done with a broom. The fireplace was decorated with branches of lockspur and bouncing-bet. And over the distorting looking-glass was a large bunch of asparagus to intercept the flies. Julius looked around on these homely and well known objects, with a pleasure much greater than he had ever felt while contemplating the gay carpets and mirrors of the city. But his attention was drawn from these by a footstep on the stair, and soon his beloved entered. Her eyes looked brighter, and there was more colour on her cheeks than he had expected; but it was evident it was his arrival that caused it, for when he spoke of her father this brightness gradually faded.

"You have not heard of him lately?" Julius asked. "Alas! no," said she, "and I begin to fear I never shall."

"Do not look so downcast, dear Virginia," he re-

plied—"have you not other parents in this village? My father and mother will soon be yours, and they will do all they can to obliterate your loss."

She pressed her hand to her eyes a moment, to prevent the tears from falling, and then answered:

"I know I ought not to complain; and if I thought my father was contented, and accomplishing the object of his journey, I should be contented also; but when I picture him gloomy and sorrowful, as he has almost always been, struggling through toil and misery, I feel as if it were a crime to be happy."

"Indeed you are wrong, dearest Virginia, your sorrow can do him no good, and does but injure your health and depress your spirits; so cheer up; I have some news which, I flatter myself, will give you pleasure; my uncle has concluded to take me in partnership next year, and then my father, I know, will consent to our union; and you will have a home of your own to welcome Mr. St. Victor to; and a fond husband, and his proud parents, to love and cherish you."

Brightened up by the cheering prospects Julius placed before her, Virginia's gaiety soon returned, and they sat chatting, until the sound of the "conch shell," (as it is called,) summoning Mr. Van Hoogeboom and his workmen in to dinner, warned him to depart.

For three weeks Julius was perfectly happy; and every hour, as it flew by "more idly than the summer wind," he looked after with regret, as it brought him one hour nearer to the time fixed for his return to the hated city. But the evening before he was to leave home, there came letters from his uncle, saying, that there was an alarm that the fever had broken out, and he, with several others, were going to leave their stores in the charge of his head clerk, and go down to Rockaway, and that Julius had better not come back yet. This was delightful news for Julius; and once more he revelled in the joys of freedom and idleness. But of all the enjoyments of this life, I have always thought the latter the most irksome, and Julius now began to find it so; he was not a young man of a steady mind; on the contrary, had been always famous for his restless disposition, and love of variety; and not that his residence in the country was not his own choice, but became a matter of necessity, he began to be extremely tired of it; he had gone the rounds of all the amusements a village affords, and had become fatigued with all in succession; and the only enjoyment he now possessed was the society of Virginia; but even that was fast losing its zest, and he caught himself once or twice wishing the fever was over, that he might return to his active employments once more.

One morning, while this fit was on him, as his mother was passing through the entry, she found him stretched out on the settee, fast asleep. She was a smart, active woman herself, and could not bear to see any one wasting their time in laziness; so stepping up, she awoke him, and asked him if he were not ashamed to lay there so idly?

"Well, what under the sun, mother," he cried, "can I do! If you will find some employment, I will set about it with all my heart."

"Why, dear me," said his mother, "can't you go ride, or shoot, or fifty things?"

"No! I can't," he answered—"I have shot every thing in the country, rode all the rides, walked all the walks, read all the books, and tired all the neighbours with my company; and so, I have nothing left for it but to go to sleep"—and he threw himself back on the settee.

"You used to go a great deal to Van Hoogeboom's; it seems to me you don't go as often now-a-days."

"I cannot be always there," Julius replied, "besides Miss St. Victor and Chrissy Hoogeboom are always at work, and cannot spend all their time with me."

"Well," persevered Mrs. Marston, "come, get up and take your gun and shoot a few woodcock for me, and I will make a nice pie for supper to-night: come now, that's a good boy."

With a sigh, and a "well, if you wish," Julius rose listlessly up, and equipping himself, set off. He sauntered slowly across the fields, and into the woods, and after walking a little way he started a bird: his languor soon left him, and with eager, but silent steps, he followed it through the woods, often thinking he had a good shot at it, but as often prevented by the thick branches intervening. At last, as he was earnestly looking around, he heard a rustling noise in the dark group of cedar and laurels near him; he laid his hand on the trigger of the gun, and leaned forward to get a nearer view; and at that moment a loud shriek from the bushes rang in his ears, and in the sudden start he gave, the trigger was pulled—the gun went off—and the scream that followed brought with it the frightful certainty that he had wounded a human being!

Petrified with dismay, Julius stood for one moment immovable, but the next he sprang through the bushes and beheld a young female supporting herself on one arm, while from the other the warm blood was oozing over her white dress! Julius was nearly bereft of his senses at this sight, and gazed on her with pity and terror—at last he exclaimed,

"I have almost killed you! Good heavens, what shall I do! Is there no one near that I can send for a physician?"

He hallooed, but there was no one heard him, and he knelt down by her, endeavouring to stop the blood.

The young lady, who seemed to have been also almost frightened to death, had not spoken a word, but at last she raised herself up a little against a tree, and finding her arm was not broken, began to recover.

Julius asked her if she felt faint.

She answered—"Not much, and if you will assist me I think I can manage to get home."

He took her handkerchief, which lay beside her, and binding up her arm, and lifting her up, he supported her slowly and silently to a large stone-house whose chimneys were just visible through the trees, and which the young lady had pointed out as her home. As they approached the house, Julius recognized it as belonging to Mr. Welling, the rich old bachelor; and he had no doubt he was supporting his niece, who had been so long expected; and the interest he already felt for her was much heightened by this supposition.

He led her up the broad steps, and seating her on the settee in the hall, knocked at the door to summon some of the domestics, and soon after a black girl appeared.

"Rosana," said the young lady, "go ask my aunt to come down."

"Do you feel any pain?" asked Julius, when she was gone.

"No, not much," she answered, "and I am persuaded I was more frightened than hurt; but I am afraid," she added, smiling faintly, "that you feel more than is necessary on this occasion; I know of course, it was an accident, and shall soon be well of it; therefore I beg you will think no more of it."

"You are too good, madam," Julius replied; "I know you wish to spare me all unpleasant feelings, and I thank you for your consideration; but if you will, yet I never shall forgive myself for my awkwardness."

At this moment Miss Catharine, or "Miss Kitty," as she was called, came down, and after hearing her niece was wounded, and after *oh-ing* and *ah-ing* sufficiently, led her up stairs. Julius hastened after the doctor, glad to escape from what he called Miss Kitty's cursed "dear me's"—"and how could it have happened?"—"and was there ever the like!"